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THE READER

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 27, Vol. II.

Saturday, July 4, 1863.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the next Half-yearly Examination for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on MONDAY next, the 6th of JULY, 1863. In addition to the Metropolitan Examination, Provincial PASS Examinations will be held at Stonyhurst College; Owens College, Manchester; Queen's College, Liverpool; and St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw.

Every Candidate is required to transmit his Certificate of Age to the Registrar (Burlington House, London, W.) at least fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination.

The Matriculation Examination is accepted by the Council of Military Education as an equivalent for the Entrance Examination otherwise imposed on Candidates for admission to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. It is among those Examinations of which every Medical Student now commencing his professional studies is required (by the Regulations of the Medical Council) to have passed some one; and it is accepted by the Royal College of Surgeons of England in place of the Preliminary Examination otherwise imposed on Candidates for its Fellowship. And under the recent Attorneys' Act, it is among those Examinations of which it is necessary for every person entering upon Articles of Clerkship to have passed some one, whilst those who pass it in the first division are exempted from one year's Service.

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ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY is now ready, and contains the following Papers, which have been read before the Society:—

1. ON THE STUDY OF ANTHROPOLOGY. By Dr. James Hunt, F.S.A. (President.)

2. ON THE INDIAN TRIBES OF LORETO. By Prof. Raimondi.

3. A DAY AMONGST THE FANS. By Capt. Burton, V.P.

4. HUMAN REMAINS FROM ABBEVILLE. By A. Tyrol, F.G.S., F.L.S.

5. NOTES ON A CASE OF MICROCEPHALY. By R. T. Gore, Esq., F.A.S.L.

6. REPORTS OF THE DISCUSSIONS OF THE SOCIETY, &c., &c.

Prof. Waitz's work, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," is now in the press. Some Memoirs are also being prepared for publication.

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MUSICAL UNION.—LAST MATINÉE,

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THE READER.

4 JULY, 1863.

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The Edinburgh Review, No. CXXLI. ADVERTISEMENTS and BILLS intended for insertion are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers immediately.

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THE READER.

SATURDAY, 4 JULY, 1863.

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ZADKIEL AND ZADKIELISM.

ZADKIEL has been before the public. The circumstances are these:—In *Zadkiel's Almanac* for 1861 (published in October, 1860) there appeared, among other astrological predictions, some vague predictions respecting the late Prince Consort. Among the predictions for May 1861 it was said—“A most malefic position is found this month for an eminent character, who was born with the Sun in Virgo 2° 22'—for in that very degree doth Saturn become stationary; and the position of Saturn on the 3rd day is not the only evil feature—for, on the 24th, the Sun squares Saturn, and other evil testimonies concur to show that a national loss is now threatened, and that there will be weeping and wailing in high places.” No direct mention is here made of Prince Albert; but that Prince Albert was the “eminent character” whom Zadkiel had in his mind when he wrote the passage may be inferred—so Zadkiel himself has since contended—from another passage in the same almanac, in which, referring to the same month and the same positions of the planetary bodies for that month, he said, “The stationary position of Saturn in the third degree of Virgo in May, following upon this luna-tion (that nearest to the ingress, 26th March), will be very evil for all persons born on or near the 26th August. Among the sufferers I regret to see the worthy Prince Consort of these realms. Let all such persons pay scrupulous attention to their health.” Prince Albert was born on the 26th of August, 1819; on which day, Zadkiel has since informed us, the Sun was in the third degree of Virgo. So far, it might seem to the common apprehension, Zadkiel had made no hit. The month mentioned passed, and nothing of the kind that seemed to be predicted happened to Prince Albert. But it is an astrological principle, it seems, that “birthday influences extend all through the subsequent year of life;” and, consequently, we are now given to understand, the Prince was not safe throughout the whole year.

Zadkiel especially refers to a prediction in the almanac, in which, speaking of the year as a whole, as related to the nativity of the Prince of Wales, he used these words—“1861 is evil for the *father* of the native.” This last passage, it seems, was *the* prediction. After the death of Prince Albert had occurred on the 14th of December, 1861, the rumour spread that Zadkiel had prophesied it; and the above passage, relating to the year 1861 as a whole, as well as the passage predicting earlier danger to the Prince's health, was dug out either by Zadkiel himself, or by some other astrological or semi-astrological person, and put into circulation as a wonder. Among others who heard of the wonder open-mouthed was Alderman Humphrey of the City of London; and nothing would content the worthy alderman till he had made public mention of the extraordinary fact and quoted Zadkiel's predictions. Straightway all along Fleet Street the incident ran, as a subject for newspaper notices and leading articles. Among the papers that commented on it was the *Daily Telegraph*. In an article published on the 31st of January, 1862, this journal, after asking “Who is Zadkiel?” added, “Are there no means of ferreting him out, and handing him up to Bow Street as a rogue and vagabond?” Among the few persons capable of answering the former question was, it appears, Admiral Sir Edward Belcher; and this gallant seaman, having seen the article in the *Daily Telegraph*, took the trouble of writing a letter to the editor, duly published the next day, in which he stated his belief that Zadkiel was no other than a certain old lieutenant of the Royal Navy, named R. I. Morrison, who was not only a professed astrologer, but also an adept in other forms of occult science, inasmuch as in 1852 he had been concerned in the exhibition, in the drawing-rooms of many of the London nobility, of a famous crystal globe, in which visions of angels and spirits were seen by those fitted to see them. The gallant admiral did not conceal his opinion of his astrological brother-seaman, and used very strong expressions in his letter conveying that opinion. The letter appeared anonymously; but some farther correspondence ensued, which led Mr. Morrison to know that Sir Edward Belcher was his assailant.

All this, it will be observed, passed in January and February last year. We do not know when Mr. Morrison determined on his action against Sir Edward Belcher; but, at the time of his publishing his almanac for 1863 (in October 1862, we should suppose), he seems not to have meditated any such action. He is content, in that almanac, with a general outburst against the London press for their vituperation of him in connexion with the Prince-Albert prediction; and he even exults in the effect of that vituperation on the sale of his almanac. “The public responded,” he says, “by a rush to possess the work which had become the subject of such an unwonted and un-English attack.” Perhaps, even when he wrote this, he was not satisfied with the consolation afforded by the increase that had then been produced in the sale of his work, but was resolved on vindicating his character in a court of law. At all events, this week has seen the trial and the decision in the Court of Queen's Bench of the case “*Morrison v. Belcher, Knight*.” It was the strangest spectacle. There appeared the veritable Zadkiel in the person of Mr. Morrison, a lieutenant in her Majesty's navy, “in plain clothes, but with a couple of medals on his breast.” He must be an old gentleman, between seventy and eighty; for he stated that he had been in the Royal Navy from 1804 to 1829—since which time he had been in the coast-guard. It was after his retirement from the navy, he said, that he had begun to devote himself to the study of the occult sciences, and particularly of astrology. He avowed himself the proprietor and editor of *Zadkiel's Almanac*; he gave details as to the crystal-globe business; and he stood all the badgering of the opposite

counsel, and all the laughter of the audience, respecting both his astrological beliefs and predictions, and the magical visions in the crystal globe. In answer to questions, he entered gravely into expositions of some astrological points and principles—explaining what he could and what he could not predict by his study of the stars. The crystal ball was produced and handed round in court; and, while counsel and others were fingering it, the old lieutenant stated when and how he had exhibited it, and what he believed respecting the visions seen in it. Nay more, he had called into court, as witnesses in his favour, a number of persons of high rank in English society who had seen exhibitions of the crystal ball; and the most remarkable thing in the trial was the proof thus given of the extent to which Zadkielism, or an interest of one kind or another in performances of magical or supernatural pretension, is diffused throughout the English world of education and fashion. The names of most of these witnesses were suppressed. They were chiefly ladies; but among them were the Earl of Wilton, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, a bishop, and another clergyman. Most of them testified that they had been present at the exhibitions simply for amusement or out of curiosity; but one lady, “of mature age,” avowed her belief in the ball, and, when asked by Serjeant Ballantine to look into it in court, in case she might again see such visions as she had formerly seen in it, declined indignantly, and said, “It is too solemn a thing, Sir.” The intention in calling these witnesses—both the merely curious and the believers—was to prove that Lieutenant Morrison had not exhibited the ball merely for money-making purposes. This intention seemed to be made out; for, what with the evidence of the witnesses, what with the effect of Mr. Morrison's own appearance and answers, the jury gave the verdict in his favour. They thus acquitted him of being a fraudulent impostor; but they signified their opinion of Zadkielism, and of the desirability of doing as little as possible to protect from attack any one professing it, by awarding only 20s. of damages. The court also refused costs to Mr. Morrison.

Zadkiel's Almanac will probably be in demand for a week or two. Out of a desire to study Mr. Morrison, we have ourselves been foolish enough to procure a copy of it for the present year. It is a strange, rather shabbily-printed little book of some eighty pages; and on our copy are printed the words “Fiftieth thousand.” It contains much of the usual matter of an almanac—also some appended essays in defence and glorification of astrology; but the most characteristic parts of it are the predictions, month by month, and the nativities which it publishes of a few eminent European personages. From the predictions here are a few specimens, divided into two sections, according as the months of the year to which they refer are past or yet to come:

I.—PAST MONTHS OF 1863.

April.—A conjunction of Mars with Uranus takes place on the 7th of this month, in the 18th degree of Gemini, and close on the ascendant of London. Such an event has never taken place in the present century, and I can, therefore, only judge generally as to its effects. I fear it denotes some fearful gas explosions, or other very serious public accidents in the great city. It seems to bode no good to the ministry, who may be prepared for a sudden overthrow, or at least for a violent attempt at that result.

May.—The semisquare of Mercury to the mid-heaven in the royal horoscope imports extensive mutation in the land. We may expect much public excitement, and I anticipate a general election near this time. Some danger of gas explosions and other accidents, such as the fall of mills and other buildings, &c., in Manchester, chiefly about the 27th; also failures in trade, and other untoward events.

June.—This month is big with important influences for Louis Napoleon and for King Otho of Greece. The former is threatened with a great blow to his honour and his power; also it may very well be to the general peace of his dominions. If at war now, he assuredly meets with defeat. If otherwise, some grievous calamity falls on the

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nation he governs, such as suffering by pestilence or inundations; and there will be a sore display of insurrectionary spirit in some part of his empire; for Mars now enters Leo and brings violence and warlike doings to France, especially about the 19th day. . . . The birth-day of King Otho is much afflicted, and he and his country will undergo a series of troubles ere long, especially about the full moon this month. Saturn stationary on the 2nd, just within the midheaven of the natal figure of the Prince of Prussia, afflicts him, and injures his credit.

II.—COMING MONTHS OF 1863.

July.—On the 23rd an aspect of Mars to Uranus seems to indicate warlike doings again in America; and it speaks also of sudden accidents in London, such as the burning of a theatre or place of amusement. [In another part of the almanac, Zadkiel adds this more precise indication for this month:—"Let the Crystal Palace people be on their guard." If the Crystal Palace people have not seen *Zadkiel's Almanac*, they will be obliged to us for the extract. Forewarned, forearmed!]

August.—The influences of that eclipse are falling on King Otho, especially from the 19th to 23rd of this month. He has also operating the sun to its own semisquare in the zodiac; and I judge that he falls now into permanent misfortune. It will be a miracle if a conspiracy be not formed against him, and some violent attempt, perhaps, against his life as well as his "crown and dignity" not far from this time. Athens seems to be full of disquiet and insurrection. [This prediction for poor Otho seems a little past date!]

September.—The 22nd of last month, and the 24th of this, are times of affliction to the unfortunate Charles XV. [King of Sweden and Norway], who, from being born with Saturn on the cusp of his house of honour, ought never to have been raised to the office of a king. He will always be unfortunate in war, will meet some strange and sudden calamities, and may yet be reduced to the position of a satellite of Russia.

October.—The stationary position of Mercury on the 21st falls on the ascendant of King Otho, and he meets serious losses, &c., at this time. [Past date again! What on earth has poor Otho now to lose?]

November.—There will be a notable conjunction of Mars and Jupiter in the 13th degree of Scorpio on the 21st of this month. This falls exactly on the midheaven of the wonderful man who rules over France, and who, from his talent in various ways, ought to be called *ter maximus*, for, if his uncle was great, he is thrice great. When Jupiter last transited his midheaven, it elevated him into sovereign power; and surely this transit, although Mars be with him, will again augment his dignity, and elevate his name among men. It may be now that he will feel himself strong enough to destroy the hydra-headed power of priestly dominion,

That dog in forehead, yet in heart a deer;
That monster mixed of insolence and fear.

December.—The King of Prussia again in hot water last month and early in this: a well-meaning man that; but born with Mercury in Pisces and in opposition to Uranus. He cannot reason better than a child. Some troubles threaten also for his son, another good-feeling man; but, having Mercury and Mars in the same declination, rash and violent in temper, which he will eventually overcome, and make a good king. Troubles attend the King of Bavaria also the end of last month and beginning of this. He, too, has the Moon in exact square to Mars at birth, giving a violent, obstinate, unfeeling man! Oh, dear! what stuff is this of which to make a king! When astrology is fully understood and made the rule of life, then will mankind choose their kings for their nature-given good qualities; and then, but not till then, may the world hope to live in peace and enlarged prosperity.

Among the directions for the year in the Nativities of particular persons we find the following:—

The Prince of Wales.—On the 10th of October we find Jupiter on the degree culminating ($m 30^{\circ} 13'$), which shews some new dignity or honour for the Prince. Mars and Mercury on his midheaven at the birthday foreshow an active year of life approaching, and that he will therein fill a *high public office*. There are some indications of marriage this spring; but others denote difficulty and delays, and I fear it may be annulled. But, until the Prince be married, we cannot consider the nativity satisfactorily rectified, or feel quite confident in our predictions.

The Emperor Napoleon.—In June he has a train of evil influences, which speak of troubles and

losses very grievous, and he may expect defeat to his arms, and be obliged to abandon his projects to a considerable extent. In August he begins to recover himself again; but in September he is much troubled by the clergy and in his finances. In October, however, he is all right again, and will prosper and gain his points in many directions; and in November he attains to great dignity and honour, and, like Joseph of old, realizes his dreams of ambition.

The Earl of Derby.—The Sun and Moon are here [*i.e.*, in the places of the planets on the Earl's sixty-fourth birthday, March 29th, 1863] found in trine aspect; and Mars is in good aspect to each of the luminaries. These things betoken honours and public office, &c.; but, as both Saturn and Mars will come to the opposite place of the Sun early in October, 1863, we may fully expect that, if the Earl do hold office, he will be very unfortunate and meet some great overthrow at that period. The wrong-headed character of the man, produced by Mercury in close square aspect to Saturn at birth, will ever effectually prevent him carrying on the government for any lengthened time.

Earl Russell.—At his birthday in 1863 the Moon will be found joined with Jupiter, on the radical place of that benefic, and in sextile to the Sun and in trine to Uranus. And, as, at the end of October, 1863, Jupiter will ingress on the Sun's place, we may expect this statesman to be once again elevated to the high office of Prime Minister.

What are we to say to all this rubbish? This, in the first place—that we have no doubt, for our own part, that Mr. Morrison makes his calculations, more or less carefully, according to the fixed traditional rules of astrology. There are such rules. Astrology is not a thing altogether of hap-hazard setting down of hieroglyphic symbols in a diagram, and writing any gibberish about them that might occur to any one. It is a craft of regular rules and principles, many of which have come down from the ages when astrology was universally believed in, and some of which have been added as improvements in later times. Within a few days any one could learn as much of these principles as would fit him to cast horoscopes; and let any one thus instructed cast the horoscope of any person, the day, hour, and minute of whose birth are given him, and that horoscope would be the same as Zadkiel or Mr. Morrison himself would cast. Scott knew this; for he makes Guy Mannering cast the infant Harry Bertram's horoscope, in mere frolic from book-knowledge of the craft—though Scott, it is said, did not know enough of astrology himself to make his description of the imaginary performance quite correct. We believe, then, that Mr. Morrison prepares his almanacs strictly on the principles of the traditional art of astrology—taking the places of the planets as astronomy furnishes them and the already-cast horoscopes of sovereigns and other notable public personages as his data, and then concocting his predictions according to rule, whatever mystifying phraseology he may mingle with the expression of them. The strange thing is that there should be believers in this so-called science still existing among us. There are such believers. They are more numerous than is generally known. Nay, they are divided into sects, differing among themselves as to the limits of astrology and as to certain parts of the system of their craft. The modern literature of astrology, containing both the general expositions of the art and the controversies of its practitioners with one another, is pretty large. One great division of the astrologers is into those who believe only in Genethliacal Astrology, or that the positions of the planets at the moment of birth indicate generally the character and the nature of fortunes of the person born, and those who believe also in Judicial Astrology, or the power of predicting from the stars special events. We know one Genethliacal astrologer, or almost such, who is a very able and cultured man of letters. Mr. Morrison seems to go the whole length of astrology, Judicial as well as Genethliacal. He is, doubtless, a person with an abnormal temperament. Does he believe in his own nonsense? Allowances being made for the influence of the desire

that *Zadkiel's Almanac* should have a large sale, we believe that he does. It is to lose the true teaching of this curious trial to represent the matter otherwise—to suppose anything else than what the jury seemed to conclude from the evidence—to wit, that here is an aged man, once a lieutenant in the navy, and since then in the coast-guard service, who has addicted himself seriously to astrology and the kindred occult sciences of amulets, magic crystals, and the like. There is something even touching in his statement that he began his studies in these sciences after leaving the navy in 1829. Shall we suppose the mature naval lieutenant, then transmuted into a coast-guardsman, walking up and down on some solitary coast-guard station, such as that of Beechy Head, gazing out seaward at night, and, as the clear stars, both fixed and wandering, glittered down upon him, led by some native mysticism of his being to watch them, wonder at them, attribute meanings and influences to them, till at last, thoroughly star-smitten and prepared, he thought of following out the clue in books? So, at least, we can fancy that, if not without the intrusion of a grosser element as years went on, the ex-lieutenant of the Royal Navy might be developed into the British Zadkiel and crystal-seer. But then his constituency of noble ladies, bishops, earls, and baronets! Laugh it off as the culprits may when they are tasked with the folly, there is an amazing amount of fervent or latent Zadkielism, Humism, Howittism, and what not, among the so-called educated classes in England. What shall we say of it? Is it mere lamentable deficiency of education in the doctrines and methods of the positive sciences—a mere craving after gross and vulgar forms of mystery by minds so untaught, so undisciplined by the higher muses, that the one, true, and boundless mystery, which ought to suffice for all sound souls since the world began, thrills them not, and does not exist for them? Or is it a vague, blundering recognition of which science itself may be wise to take cognisance—a coarse, intuitive, almost idiotic popular recognition of certain subtle physiological facts (such as that of a real constant action of inorganic masses far and near, planets or crystals, on nervous organisms), the nature and modes of which are susceptible of farther and more precise investigation than they have yet received? The late Professor Gregory of the Edinburgh University wrote a bold, absurd book on this class of subjects, which is a standard proof, if such were wanted, that a man may have been trained in one of the positive sciences—chemistry was *his* science—and yet have an intellect ludicrously superstitious. So far as we know, Reichenbach is the only man of scientific name who has taken the trouble to carry the semblance of a real inductive method into those alleged classes of occult phenomena in which so many foolish people all over the world are at present finding the action of angels and devils and the ghosts of dead grand-aunts; and, so far as we can learn, his researches are not thought worth much. Our scientific men pooh-pooh them.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

LIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK.

Fasti Eboracenses: Lives of the Archbishops of York. By the Rev. W. H. Dixon, M.A., Canon Residentiary of York, &c.; Edited and Enlarged by the Rev. James Raine, M.A., Secretary of the Surtees Society. Volume I. (Longman.)

A STORY, perfectly well-authenticated, is told of Lord Macaulay, that, on one occasion, being challenged thus, by way of proof of the strength of his memory—"Come now, Macaulay, repeat the list of the Archbishops of Canterbury—" he forthwith began and went through the entire list, from Augustine down to Archbishop Howley. As probably no one was present who could have

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checked him if he went wrong, he might have muttered over any names that occurred to him, and they would probably have passed as well as the right ones; but, from what we have heard, we believe that he did not cheat in this manner, but repeated all the names *bonâ fide*. We wonder whether he could have repeated the names of the Archbishops of York. Perhaps he could. No better test, at all events, could be proposed of the thoroughness of a man's knowledge of history than to request him to repeat such a vertebral series of official names, running through the period respecting which his knowledge is to be tested. It looks like mere memory; but it involves much more. With all our plenitude of talk about America and American affairs, how many are there of those who talk who could repeat the names of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Lincoln? With the exception of those young men who are preparing for the Civil Service and the Indian Service Examinations, how few are there who could run over the entire list of English Sovereigns since the Conquest? That is a comparatively easy feat; and a much more difficult one—a feat for which one might safely offer a hundred pounds on the spot, without much risk of having to pay it—would be to repeat the list of Prime Ministers of Britain, in chronological order, since the year 1700, or even since the French Revolution. Lord Macaulay was probably alone in the Archbishops of Canterbury; and we rather fancy even he might have broken down in the Archbishops of York. And yet, we say, a thorough scholar in history will have not a few such lists, or broken substitutes for them, in his head. To be able to march along such a list, glancing intelligently right and left—this, and only this, is to show a real knowledge of history. It is, at any rate, a good sign for our historical literature that there have been published of late so many works consisting of biographies of eminent official Englishmen in connected chronological series. We have had Lives of the Chancellors, Lives of the Chief Justices, Lives of the Speakers, Lives of the Poets-Laureate; Dr. Hook has begun, and has partly executed, the Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury; and now we have the first volume of "Lives of the Archbishops of York." We are mistaken if this last work will not be found, by real antiquarians and students of history, superior to most of the similar works of serial biography which have preceded it.

The "Lives of the Archbishops of York!" To us, with our modern ideas of what an Archbishop of York is, or can be, this may seem a phrase of no great significance. "Who is Griffiths?" is now a legend marked in paint on many of the walls about London; and very few of the Londoners who see it are provided with the answer—to wit, that Griffiths is a seller of second-hand iron safes, who takes this means of begetting a restless inquisitiveness about himself, and so ultimately promoting the sale of his safes. Notwithstanding that the present Archbishop of York is really a man of intellectual distinction—an able preacher, and the author of a book on logic called "The Laws of Thought," which gives a deeper view of logic than Archbishop Whately's—we are not sure that the question "Who is the Archbishop of York?" would be met much more readily with a correct reply, if proposed to the bulk of the English laity. In these modern times we have so many national notabilities to take note of—the eminent poppy-heads over the whole field of English life are so multitudinous, and represent so many departments of activity! We have eminent national statesmen, eminent national poets, eminent national scholars, eminent national scientific men, eminent national artists, eminent national engineers, and what-not. Though we have only two Archbishops at one time among us, they are two stalks not much seen, unless they shoot up with some extraordinary strength of personality, amid so rank a vegetation of miscellaneous sorts of eminence. The Archbishop of Canterbury has, by his

place, the better chance of the two. For four Englishmen who could at any time within the last three or four generations name the reigning Archbishop of Canterbury, there has been probably not one who could name the reigning Archbishop of York. Times are changed in this respect. There was a time when the Bishops and Archbishops of England, in virtue of their mere office, and apart from any notability of their personal attributes, "bulked larger," as the uncouth phrase is, in the view of all England than they now do. There was a time when the Archbishop of Canterbury, not only to the clergy, but also to the laity, was a man whose sacred head was seen reverentially afar, and who, as he walked, made thunder with his footsteps. Nay, there was a time when the Archbishop of York divided with his fellow-prelate the gaze of all England more equally and with more powerful rivalry than at present. That division between the North and the South of England—between England of the Saxons and England of the Angles—which we still keep up for some purposes, was once a real thing. Northumbria was once the leading kingdom of the Heptarchy; and, to this day, if you draw up a complete list of all the eminent "Englishmen," and especially of the eminent intellectual or literary "Englishmen," who lived between the time of the formation of the Heptarchy and the time of the strongest pressure of the Danish invasions before the Norman Conquest, you will find that the overwhelming proportion of them were natives of Northumbria. Not till within a century or two before the Norman Conquest did Wessex begin to take the lead, politically or intellectually. And these facts—first of a powerful leading relationship of Northumbria to the rest of England, and then of a gradual reduction of Northumbria to the condition of merely the northern portion of a nation whose political centre of gravity was in its southern portion—are singularly well represented in the lives of the Archbishops of York, and in the history of their relations to the Archbishops of Canterbury. The story of Augustine and his monks of Canterbury usually passes as the beginning of Christianity in England. Scholars and antiquarians know better. They know of the earlier Christianization of the Northern Angles by Celtic missionaries; they know of the continuation of the Celtic influence among the northern English, and round about the Archbishopric of York, long after Augustine had left his successors in Canterbury; they know of the shocks of these two ecclesiastical systems—the Celtic or Scoto-Northumbrian and the Augustinian or Latin—meeting and struggling in the midland-counties, till the Latin prevailed; and they have an interest in tracing the political continuation of the struggle, after the theological or purely ecclesiastical form of it had ceased, in the subsequent relations of the two Archbishoprics. Nay, after these relations had become very much what they now are, the lives of the successive Archbishops of York have an interest for such students of history, as being not only the lives of men officially remarkable in England generally, but more especially of men officially powerful in northern England. In short, he who walks along the series of the Archbishops of York, studying and gathering as he goes, takes along with him much that is of vital consequence in the earlier, and of considerable consequence in the later, history of England. Such a work as the present, therefore, even were it not nearly so well done as it is, would supply a literary desideratum, and ought to be in every library used by scholars.

The history of the present work, and of the accumulation of the materials out of which it has been composed, is related by Mr. Raine in his preface. After mentioning Bede and Alcuin as authorities for the earlier history of the Northumbrian Church and Archbishopric, he proceeds as follows:

In the twelfth century the famous chronicler, Symeon of Durham, addressed a brief but interesting letter to Hugh, the dean of York, in which he gave him a short account of the arch-

bishops up to his day; and about the same time, or a little later, the poet, Hugh de Sotevagina, wrote down the lives of the first four primates after the Conquest, and his work is as yet unpublished. The historians of the church of Hexham record many interesting particulars relating to the archbishops and the cathedral of York, with which they were officially connected. In the fourteenth century, Thomas Stubbs, a Dominican friar, compiled his well-known chronicle, containing the biography of the heads of the Northern province from its foundation to the end of the reign of Edward III.; and this was subsequently continued by an unknown hand to the period of the Reformation. In addition to this there is more than one poem in which the glories of the church of York are described in lively verse, ascending from the middle of the fifteenth century until the mists of antiquity conceal all historical information but that which suggests itself to the imagination of the enthusiastic bard. After the Reformation there is a long pause in the annals of York, broken only by the biographies of the Northern archbishops which occur in the great work of Godwin, by Hacket's delightful life of archbishop Williams, and a work by another hand on the same theme. Towards the close of the seventeenth century we come to a man of whom no Yorkshireman ought to speak without respect and admiration, James Torre, the York antiquary.

Of this James Torre, and his labours, Mr. Raine gives such an account that all antiquaries will love him. He was evidently a man of that class of which England has had not a few examples—men with a constitutional passion for historical research, in the gratification of which they spend their days and nights laboriously, unceasingly, and with a care and an accuracy none the less punctilious that they are their own sole supervisors; and who do this without hope or chance of reward, or even of recognition, notwithstanding that, if all men had their just rights in proportion as they have deserved of the commonwealth, it is to *them* that statues should be erected, and *their* names and praises should be in men's mouths more than those of many of the so-called "men of genius," whether poetasters or sensation Novelists, whom the world delights to honour. Such men were the Oxford antiquary, Anthony Wood, and the Cambridge antiquary, Baker; and such a man, still among us, is Mr. Cooper of Cambridge, the author of the *Athenae Cantabrigienses*. Of Torre, the York antiquary, Mr. Raine tells us: "His powers of application must have been prodigious; for, although he was but a middle-aged man when he died, he had filled scores of folio volumes with materials for history, biography, and genealogy, all written in that curiously minute hand which was one of the characteristics of the literary men of that age." Volumes of these manuscript materials still remain at York; and it was, in part, of these that one of the authors whose names appear in the title-page of the present work—the Rev. W. H. Dixon—availed himself in his laborious preparations for it. Mr. Dixon, who was the nephew of the poet Mason, was born in 1783; he spent the greater part of his life, usefully and unobtrusively, as a clergyman in the diocese of York; and, at the time of his death in 1854, he was Canon-residentiary of York Cathedral.

Mr. Dixon's connexion with the church of York, the taste for letters which he inherited, and the natural bent of his own mind, induced him many years ago to turn his attention to the manuscripts of Torre, and the history of the minster and its officers. As he was unable to decipher the mediæval hands, he took the greater interest in the more modern period, and with much industry and perseverance he drew up a volume which he entitled "Fasti Eboracenses; or, A Catalogue of the Members of the Cathedral of York from the Great Rebellion to the present time."

For many years Mr. Dixon confined himself to the limits which have just been mentioned; but, at the suggestion of the late learned and amiable Archdeacon Todd, he subsequently determined to take a wider range, and to attempt the biographies of the worthies of the minster from the very earliest times. . . . Between the first and the second portion of Mr. Dixon's work there is no comparison in value and importance. The latter part (in point of time the earlier) was commenced far

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too late in life to present any appearance of the industry and research which are apparent in the other, and which would have been evident to a great extent in this if a longer career had been vouchsafed to Mr. Dixon. As it was, through the aid of the manuscripts of Torre, he had laid down a pretty substantial framework for his book. From the same invaluable collection he had derived many notices of the livings and offices which each dignitary enjoyed, and he had added, besides, some extracts of his own from other sources. There was no attempt, however, at composition; and for the most part Mr. Dixon's collections for the mediæval portion of the *Fasti* are little more than a bare catalogue of names and dates.

After Mr. Dixon's death his widow resolved to publish the *Fasti Eboracenses*, on which he had been so long engaged, and consulted the late Dr. Raine on the subject. Mr. Raine then tells how, in compliance with his father's wishes, he undertook the work of editing and completing the materials as Mr. Dixon had left them. After ten years of hard labour he has got the present volume ready for the press; and another volume, which will appear shortly, will complete the work. From the following statement it will be seen that the present volume, containing the lives of the earlier Archbishops, is mainly Mr. Raine's own, and that it is chiefly in the forthcoming volume that Mr. Dixon's materials have been found sufficient:—

The whole of the present volume has been written by the editor, and nineteen-twentieths of the materials have been collected by him. It was his wish to have issued the two volumes, in which the lives of the archbishops are to be comprised, at one and the same time, that the second, in which Mr. Dixon's work will be more apparent, should appear contemporaneously with the first, which the editor, owing to the paucity of the materials collected for it, has been obliged to write himself; but, at the request of Mrs. Dixon, the first volume has been issued without its intended companion. The editor has also been desired by the same lady to write or re-write the whole of the second volume. It will not be necessary, however, for him to do that entirely. Mr. Dixon's own collections for the latter portion of his work will save the editor much trouble and research; and the public before long will have an opportunity of fully estimating the merits of an undertaking which, but for Mr. Dixon, would never have been begun.

The volume now published, and for which Mr. Raine is chiefly responsible, consists of nearly 500 pages, and contains the lives of the following forty-four Archbishops:—

	A.D.		A.D.
1. PAULINUS	627—635	20. GERARD	1101—1108
2. CHADD	664—669	27. THOMAS II.	1108—1114
3. WILFRID I.	666—706	28. THURSTAN	1114—1140
4. BOSS	678—705	29. HENRY MURDAC	1147—1153
5. JOHN	705—718	30. WILLIAM	1143—1154
6. WILFRID II.	718—733	31. ROGER DE PONT	1154—1181
7. EGBERT	733—756	32. GEOFFREY PLAN- TAGENET	1191—1207
8. ALBERT	793—798	33. WALTER DE GRAY	1216—1255
9. EANBALD I.	789—796	34. SEWAL DE BOVILL	1250—1258
10. EANBALD II.	796—812	35. GODFREY DELUD- HAM	1258—1265
11. WULFSEY	812—831	36. WALTER GIFFARD	1265—1279
12. WIGMUND	837—854	37. WM. DE WICK- WAINE	1279—1285
13. WULFRED	854—866	38. JOHN ROMANUS	1289—1290
14. ETHELBALD	865	39. HY. DE NEWARK	1290—1293
15. REDEWALD	928—939	40. THOMAS DE COR- BRIDGE	1300—1304
16. WULSTAN I.	931—956	41. WM. DE GREEN- FIELD	1314—1315
17. OSKETEL	956—974	42. WM. DE MELTON	1317—1340
18. ETHELWOLD	972	43. WM. LA ZOUCHE	1342—1352
19. OSWALD	992—1002	44. JN. DE THORESBY	1352—1373
20. ADULPH	1002—1003		
21. WULSTAN II.	1002—1024		
22. ALFRIC	1023—1050		
23. KINSIUS	1050—1060		
24. ALDRED	1060—1063		
25. THOMAS I.	1070—1100		

In an examination of these forty-four lives individually, errors and faults of omission and of commission are doubtless to be detected. Mr. Raine knows what historical research is too well not to be aware of this; and, with the candour of a true man of research, he avows that he does not believe he has gathered together a third of the information that may be discovered about many of the primates whose lives he has written; and, moreover, that, with all his care, he fancies about one-third of this volume will perhaps "be found to be incorrect." This candour may seem strange; but it ought to beget a prepossession in Mr. Raine's favour. No one who has worked much in history but knows that the most careful men will and must commit errors, and even gross and ludicrous blunders; and the chances of error in such a subject as Mr. Raine's are greater than usual. We miss, we must say, in his lives that strong critical faculty which sifts evidence and rejects the false as by an instinct; there is

next to no power of historical generalization, divination of character, or picturesque narration in them; and they are written almost with an innocent confidence of professional feeling. But they are excellent for all that. They are such careful accumulations of particulars as only an antiquarian at once enthusiastic and careful could have offered, and as those for whom the work is chiefly intended ought to desire. "The book is addressed," says Mr. Raine, "*ad clerum* rather than *ad populum*, to the bees and not to the butterflies." It is one of the good signs of the times that such really substantial works are now on the increase.

SURREY MEADS AND MEN.

Legends of the Lintel and the Ley. By Walter Cooper Dendy. (Bell and Daldy.)

THE romantic and alliterative title of this book had not prepared us for the home scenes that the book itself strives to portray; but no one who knows the glory of the Surrey downs—who has seen Epsom and Banstead in the gold of their gorse, Mickleham in the silver green of its junipers, and gloom of its box and yews, or Riddlesdown in the town of its scanty grass—will complain of a title that brings romance into his head, and tends to people the scenes he loves with the forces and men who worked and lived there of old. For Kemble has taught him to look on every watershed as the probable temple of heathen Saxon rites—to recognise in the Hog's Back *Wanborough* and *Wonersh*, Woden's town and park; in *Wisley* Wisc'sor Woden's meadow; in *Thursley* Thor's field; in *Tewesley* the mead of Tiw, the northern Mars; in *Polsdon* the ton of Pol, Baldr, or Baldaeg, the god of the beautiful myth; and round Elstead a perfect "pantheon of paganism." So the Surrey walker would not have been surprised to hear that the Hammer Ponds were holes where the hammer of Thunor alighted when he smote the Suth-rig men for their sins, or the "Devil's Jumps" the bumps raised on mother earth by the fiend's heels when he rushed from his Punch Bowl near, whose contents were hurled after him by some mighty arm, sweeping out the Dorking valley to the sea. Ah! what legends might be made by the right head that would personify the forces of Nature that wrought out those hills of chalk and sand, with their belt of gault and nodules of flint, their iguanodonts, pterodactyles, plesiosauri, and chelonias, their cradle and horn-shaped shells to nurse the fairies in and play them tunes, their belemnites or thunderbolts, galerites and sharks! Will Mr. Kingsley try it for us, and bury some huge monster and all his flocks and beasts under the great white plaster of the chalk, and then bring him up with a mighty resurrection through the superincumbent mass, throw the paste on each side of him into Merstham and Brighton downs, and restore his Wealden to the sovereignty it still holds?

If the German mythologic school, of whom Mr. Max Müller is the mouth-piece here, are right in saying that all the early myths arose from personifying natural agencies, why should we not follow the steps of our forefathers, and avail ourselves of the new agencies that geology has brought to light, to enrich our world of children's wonder and delight?

Mr. Dendy has not gone so far back as this in his little book on the southern-kingdom hills and vales. Standing on Box Hill, at the foot of which Keats wrote most of his "Endymion," he reckons the treasures of nature and memory around him thus:—

The *coup d'œil* is enchanting, there is beauty broadcast over three fair valleys, green as the emerald, and glowing with all the exquisite poetry of nature! But a yet brighter glory is lighting up the classic ground: for around these valleys lies many a home of wealth and power, in which lofty intellect has loved for many a year to worship and adorn the beautiful. Yon frowning woods, indeed, embosom the villas of a Tacitus, a Demosthenes, and a Pliny of the past age.

There is Depedene, honoured by a triad of genius—Howard, and Burrell, and Hope the

brilliant author of *Anastasius*, "full of marvellous fine things"—Betchworth was the home of Abraham Tucker,—in yonder quiet house at Brockham, given, it is said, by his prince, lived Charles Morris, the Anacreon of the Carlton House Symposia,—near the dark spire of Dorking yonder, John Mason studied self-knowledge,—Milton Court was the hermit home of the philanthropist Markland,—the woods of Wotton are hallowed by the memory of John Evelyn,—in the Rookery, Malthus englised Goethe and St. Pierre,—Polesden was the retreat of Sheridan,—Phenice and Camilla Lucy of Fanny Burney,—in Norbury, William Lock, the Mæcenas of his age, strove to make all good and wise and happy as himself,—in Mickleham dwelt the Mills, the logician and the economist, and Daniell wrote his essays,—to Conversation Sharp, in Fridley, came Horne, Hazlitt, and Macintosh,—Boxlands was the home of Singer, who edited Spenser, and wrote of Pope and playing cards,—in Denbies herded artists, and poets, and songsters and ballet-stars, in the time of Jonathan Tyers—in yonder grove Mrs. Barbauld scribbled the stanzas on Nelson's victory, and Juniper Hole was the retreat of illustrious refugees from revolutionary France. Hymettus in all his purple glory looked not on a brighter galaxy of genius than this poor chalk-hill, even in the palmy days of the Parthenon.

Now here, with the addition of the historical associations of the rest of the "central belt" of Surrey, is good material for a thoroughly interesting book on the bit of the county chosen, if a man would just quietly and unpretendingly put the facts together; but, by some mischance, one of those curse-worthy demons who mismanages the affairs of men, has put into Mr. Dendy's head the notion that he can represent dramatically the scenes that he supposes to have passed in the glorious country he describes; and accordingly our author has indited a series of imaginary conversations on the part of Keats, Hazlitt, Rufus, Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, Hubba, Hyngar, Cromwell, Sir T. More, &c., &c., in which everybody talks Dendy, and very poor stuff that is. The man cannot even let Shakespeare alone. He wants to tell a legend about the moated Grange of Leigh; and "so, if ye will shift awhile to London town, remote and roundabout as the tradition will come before you, ye will learn the strange, dark story of 'The Bleeding Heart of Arderne.'"

"Your goblet, your goblet, Michael Drayton, and yours, sweet Willie: booze for Bacchus, by the foot of Pharaoh, so pledge ye, camarados,

"Sack and the well-spiced hippocras the wine,
Wassail the bowl, with ancient ribbons fine."

Ah, my eyes are clearer, my thoughts brighter, with draining deep this poculum."

"Ay," responded Shakespeare, "it has a spell in't: it sets the poet's eye in 'a fine frenzy rolling.' More things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, Ben."

Jonson's eyes flashed darkly. "Ay, marry, there be shadow-truths eclipse our dreams: but replenish, replenish, and you shall hear one now, perpend. You must know, ere good Master Camden raised me from a brick-yard to Trinity on the banks of Cam, I lodged in Surrey, and there, in my chamber at Swain's, on my long table, spoiled many a quill plucked from the grey goose-wing. With my trowel in one pocket, and my Chaucer and my dog-eared Horace in the other, I would wander, after labour, to Dame Cobham's at Legh, and there, after kissing the *Mawther* wench under the mistletoe, for she was *mortal elynge* without me, I would doze and dream in the dear old ingle nook till I was alone with the embers. One night, the bell then beating one, I was humming my chant in the 'Masque of Queens':

"The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain:
The owl and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out of the fountain."

when, lo! crept out of the wainscot a very shadow in human form. His scowl set me a-shivering, and I rose to leave, when he lured me back with a smile, and we cottoned in a moment, and I sat hour by hour, awe-struck by his hollow tones."

"Till each particular hair would stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

So chimed in Willy Shakspere.

"Well, trembling and etiolate, he pressed his hand on his brow, his eye glaring like lightning, and his long-drawn sigh like a distant thunder."

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peal. I was *hev y cherd*, as old Chaucer hath it, but, as he went on thus, my whole thought was exotic to him:

"In this great hall of Legh, a fresh and beautiful young widow, Dame Margaret de la Beche, the relict of Master Nicholas, had been sipping from a gold-mounted cup of the Ardernes.

"Your cowslip, dear Mabel," she said, sweetly smiling, "is as fine as when my gossip of Arderne was in this life," &c., &c.

Now, if any of our readers like this sort of thing, they will find plenty of it, and much even poorer, in the book. We confess we do not like it; but we *should* like to shake Mr. Dendy and his book so thoroughly as to get all the attempts at fine writing out of him and it; then to cancel his spotty, blotchy plate on p. 136; his poor one of Wotton on p. 201, which does no kind of justice to the house and trees, and backing Down; to persuade him to take a lesson in French grammar, and not write "how *porte* themselves the Locks," "Ce n'est bonne cela; un très honnête garçon, mais il est rien de plus;" to take another lesson in early English, so that if he *will* write bad poetry in it he may spell it properly; then to get up the geology of the district, to read Kemble's Anglo-Saxons, to quote the excellent honey-soap entomologist's bit about Box Hill; and finally give us a real companion for our Surrey walks. It is hard to quarrel with a man who loves our garden-county's hills and homes as Mr. Dendy does, who has fished antiquities from its moats, caught flies on its commons, hunted for ferns on its banks, examined its churches and barrows, and no doubt explored its fire-stone pits and fuller's earth quarry. As hard it is to find fault with one who has read and enjoyed our old chroniclers—the Roberts of Gloucester and Brunne, Hardying, Rastell, Holinshed, &c., and appreciates such opposites as Skelton and Keats; but the book has forced a grumble unwillingly out of us; and, though we part good friends with the author, we say with all sincerity as to his reproductions of old conversations, pray "tak a thought, and men'." We close our notice with a description of Evelyn's Wotton and its approach in the writer's better style:—

The wild commons about Abinger are varied by bosky dells, and heath-brown hillocks, with rich clumps of that golden furze, at sight of which Linnaeus fell on his knees in a fit of rapture. Around us are ranks of stately pines glowing like shafts of porphyry in the sunbeam, and dwarf-oak stems dotted with *corniculari*, the white discs of *placidium*, and the pale green *parmelia*. In the dingles we find the glutinous *colloma*, the club moss that yields the sulphur-dust for lightning, ferns and mosses coloured gold by *lecidia*: the female of the Blechnum fern we have seen a yard high.

Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where round the cot's romantic glade are seen
The blossomed bean-field and the sloping green,

are the dense copses and skirts of the Pasture wood—in the sand lanes may be gleaned the finest wild plants, orpines and teazles, and thistles, docks, borage, and bugloss, and hemlock, mullein and foxglove, all teeming with insect life. *Io* and *Atalanta* are sipping the honeydew from the flowers of the Archangel, on the stem of which their larvae will feed. The heath is alive with whites and blues, and coppers, and hoppers, and grizzled skippers. Here is a sudden transition from the barren to the beautiful. It is a joy to come down from the wild moor into valley Lonesome, rich and green as a vale in Thessaly. Its romantic seclusion tempted the rich Jew, Jacobson, to erect his lodge of Tilbrook, and this is Tal-fourd's eulogy, "Nothing so fine, nearer London than Westmoreland." A runnel ripples from the high woods, falling sixty feet into pools where the crimson-spotted trout is leaping at the mayfly. There is a special poetry around us,—

The gush of springs, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swifter thoughts of beauty.

Here spring the ivy ranunculus, the scarlet Adonis, and orchis mascula, and golden lunaria, and clematis; and on wild thyme feeds

The bee with honied thigh,
That at its flowery work doth sing.

In Lonesome many a garden-flower grows wild, and there the Admiral displays on his wing the red ribbon of his order, and the Tiger moth his scarlet

vest and undercoat. We are treading now on classic ground. The Till brook ripples down from the lawns of Lonesome into the green leys of Wotton, that so beautifully underly the beech-woods; and where it is joined by the runnel in the dingle of Friday Street (Fria Stede), there stands half-buried the honoured home of Sylva Evelyn. The quaint brick house, now, we believe, condemned, is in keeping with its Saxon name of Wodentone. But the prestige of John Evelyn is paramount, as we wander beneath the columnar majesty of his own favourite beeches, so richly laced with lichens, and so densely overshadowing the moss-grown alleys. In summer time you will light on many a truthful painter at his glorious study, Redgrave or Cole or Warren, perchance. Two centuries ago, you would have encountered Sylva himself planning his *Elysium Britannicum*, or deep in thought on the very spot selected for his own grave: a circular group, some thing like a Druid's temple, now the very spot

For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Yet hither wandered with him a little world of intellect: there was Aubrey the antiquary, and Oughtredre the pious, of Albury, and Grinling Gibbons, the carver of the screen in St. Paul's, whom he caught by Say's Court cutting orchids on an alder stump, and who now might be cutting "J. E." on the beeches, not yet erased. The noble Howards, too, were ever visiting the great virtuoso; and we may fancy them at the pastry board, a plank of oak, ten feet long—the banquet, game trout from the Till, a grey hen from Holmbury, and Albury venison, roasted by his own smoke-jack, and eaten with blackberry jelly. With the king-pine, the gift of Charles himself, was served the sap-wine of the birch, and that of the wild bird-cherry or merry tree, and arrack punch in the silver bowl of Wotton.

POLLARD'S FIRST YEAR OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

First Year of the War in America. By Edward A. Pollard, Editor of "Richmond Examiner." (H. Stevens.)

MR. POLLARD was, and we believe is now, the editor of the *Richmond Examiner*. It is therefore hardly necessary to say that he is an ardent Southerner. Still, he has the merit of being perfectly frank and genuine; he writes the history of the war from a Southern point of view, but, apart from the bias inseparable from his position and principles, he appears to us to narrate the facts of his story fairly and temperately enough. To the ordinary English reader the "First Year of the War" will not be an interesting book. We cannot screw up our interest to any detailed examination of the conventions and elections and skirmishes which preceded the real action of the campaign. The broad results are matters of overwhelming interest even on this side the Atlantic; but the minute details are questions about which, in general, we neither know nor care anything. The student, however, of this great American convulsion will find much to interest him in Mr. Pollard's pages. The book is written obviously for home consumption, not for foreign exportation; and it possesses, therefore, a value of its own, not conceded to the numerous partisan defences of the South which have appeared in England. Mr. Pollard, we gather, belongs himself to the most advanced section of the Secessionists; he has no connexion with the government of the Confederate States, and is, indeed, but ill-disposed towards it.

"He has made no attempt," he tells us in his preface, "to conciliate either the favourites of the government and literary slatterns in the departments or their masters; he is not in the habit of bandying to great men, and courting such official [an unquotable term here] as official newspapers; he is under no obligation to any man living to flatter him, to tell lies, or to abate anything from the honest convictions of his mind."

Indeed, his language throughout is rather terse than refined. If he were not *ex officio* a Southern cavalier, we should have thought him extremely like a Yankee rowdy. How-

ever, it seems that the chivalry of the South likes such language as this:—

These creatures would have a history written which would conceal all the shortcomings of our administration, and represent that our army was perfect in discipline and immaculate in morals; that our people were feeding on milk and honey; that our generalship was without fault; and that Jefferson Davis was the most perfect and admirable man since the days of Moses—all for the purpose of wearing a false mask to the enemy. . . . The author *spits* upon the criticism of such creatures as these.

Even at the risk of being subjected to a similar act of moral expectoration, we are obliged to express a doubt whether Mr. Pollard's countrymen have much cause to be grateful for his vindication of their cause. He utterly demolishes the popular English assertion that the question of slavery had nothing to do with secession. He commences his work with a long and able account of the causes which led to the disruption of the Union; and his grievance from beginning to end is that the North wanted to interfere with slavery. This bill of indictment against the Federal States is in itself worth studying for its admissions as well as its assertions. His first complaint is that the Northern Democrats were never heartily pro-slavery.

While acting with the South on empty or accidental issues, the "State-Rights" men of the North were, for all practical purposes, the faithful allies of the open and avowed consolidationists on the question that most seriously divided the country, that of Negro Slavery.

Then, the Missouri compromise was in itself an outrage on "the rights guaranteed by the Union to the South." In other words, any attempt to interfere with, or limit the extension of, slavery was, in the opinion of Mr. Pollard, a breach of the fundamental pact. The vigour with which General Jackson suppressed the abortive attempt of South Carolina to secede from the Union in 1832 inflicted a severe though temporary blow on the "State-Rights" party.

The idea of the Union became, what it continued to be for a quarter of a century thereafter, extravagant and sentimental. . . . This unnatural tumour was not peculiar to any party or any portion of the country. It was deeply planted in the Northern mind, but prevailed also to a considerable extent in the South.

Encouraged by the prevalence of this popular delusion, the North continued its outrages on the peculiar institutions of the South.

The anti-slavery sentiment became bolder with success. Stimulated by secret jealousies, and qualified for success by the low and narrow cunning of fanaticism, it had grown up by indirection (*sic*), and aspired to the complete overthrow of the peculiar institution that had distinguished the people of the South from those of the North by a larger happiness, greater ease of life, and a superior tone of character.

The thin end of the wedge was driven in when Congress refused to prohibit the discussion of anti-slavery petitions. The slave-owners claimed, as a necessary concession, that no American citizen should be allowed to petition his government with regard to any question bearing on slavery. In obedience to their wishes, resolutions were passed on three several occasions—in 1836, 1837, and 1840—limiting the powers of petition with respect to slavery. In the last-named year the famous "Twenty-first Rule" was enacted by Congress, absolutely prohibiting, not only the discussion, but "the reception of all Abolition petitions, memorials, and resolutions." The Northern people, however, were ungrateful enough not to consent to this self-denying ordinance; "they would not relinquish what they termed 'a sacred right,'"—that of petitioning the government; and, finally, the resolution was definitely repealed in 1844 on the motion of John Quincy Adams. This is another of the chief grievances on which Mr. Pollard justifies the right of secession.

We have hitherto been led to imagine that the Clay compromise, by which the Missouri

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compact was repealed, was a discreditable concession on the part of the North to the demands of the Slave States. Mr. Pollard tells us that "it implied a surrender of the rights of the South." The extension of territory given by it to slavery, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, cannot reconcile our author to the fact that it acknowledged the abstract right of the Union to legislate as to the extension of slavery. The admission of Kansas as a Free State, the fact that bells were tolled in New England on the day of John Brown's execution, and the endorsement of Helper's "*Impending Crisis*" by a number of Republican deputies, are amongst the charges brought forward by Mr. Pollard. Interference, direct or indirect, with slavery is the one cause of secession to which he alludes. The only mention he makes throughout his long indictment against the North of other causes is contained in the following brief passage:—

At the time of the Kansas discussions "men began to calculate the precise value of an Union which, by its mere name and the paraphrases of demagogues, had long governed their affections. Some of these calculations, as they appeared in the newspaper presses of the times, were curious, and soon commenced to interest the Southern people. It was demonstrated to them that their section had been used to contribute the bulk of the revenues of the government."

In fact, the tariff question, of which we heard so much in England, is one to which Mr. Pollard does not think it worth while to do more than allude. His silence upon it confirms a statement made to the writer by a distinguished American senator, who took a leading part in the Douglas discussions in 1860—namely, that throughout their course he never heard the name of the tariff mentioned.

In truth, Mr. Pollard entirely confirms the view taken by the few persons in England who really have studied the subject—that slavery, and slavery alone, was the cause of secession. He asserts, and we believe justly, that the peculiar institution truly was endangered by the permanence of the Union. He states that, when once abolition doctrines had obtained permission of existence in the Free States, their ultimate adoption by the nation was a matter of absolute certainty.

"Mr. Calhoun," he says, "with characteristic sagacity, predicted that Mr. Webster and all Northern statesmen would in a few years yield to the storm of Northern abolitionism, and be overwhelmed by it."

The Republicans were practically identical with the Abolitionists—"both shared the same sentiment of hostility to slavery; and they only differed as to the degree of indirection by which their purposes might be best accomplished." The Democratic party itself was subject "to demoralization on the slavery question, and was unreliable and rotten." Again, we learn that—

Nothing in the present or the future could be looked for from the so-called Conservatives of the North; and the South prepared to go out of a Union which no longer afforded any guaranty for her rights or any permanent sense of security, and which had brought her under the domination of a growing fanaticism in the North, the sentiments of which, if carried into legislation, would destroy her institutions.

And, from her own point of view, we hold that the South was right, and that Mr. Pollard's vindication of her case is a just one. The conflict between the free North and the slave South was, as Mr. Seward called it, an "irrepressible" one. By the inexorable logic of facts, the North was forced to go on, even against its will and purpose, till it had carried out the principles on which its existence was based. If the Union lasted, the destruction of slavery was a mere question of time. It may be, as some English advocates of the South assert, that slavery cannot endure with a great free and independent country on its frontier. But this hypothesis is after all problematical; and the Southern leaders did wisely in the slave-owning interest to sever their connexion with the North. This is the moral of Mr. Pollard's

book; and we think he proves his case fairly. Whether Southern sympathizers in Europe will thank him for having given this lucid demonstration of the true causes of secession, is another question. In the interest of slavery—of that peculiar institution which had given "larger happiness to the people of the South" than to the free men of the North—he prays for the success of the secession movement. How far Englishmen can join in supporting his prayers is a matter on which a careful perusal of the "*First Year of the War*" will enable them to form a sounder judgment.

E. D.

A WINTER'S CRUISE ON THE NILE.

Four Months in a Dahabéh; or, Narrative of a Winter's Cruise on the Nile. By M. L. M. Carey. (L. Booth.)

IT was on Saturday, the 17th of November, 1860, when a boat, displaying in its distinguishing flag the figure of a crocodile, might be seen leaving the busy port of Cairo, and slowly making her way against the stream. The boat, known on the Nile by the generic name of a Dahabéh, was one of the largest of its class—measuring ninety-seven feet in length, from bow to stern, and fourteen feet in width. It was one of those built specially for carrying excursionists up the Nile, being provided with a saloon of twelve feet, with divans on either side and large drawers, with locks and keys, under them, two looking-glasses, four book-shelves, and a table in the middle, at which six persons might dine under difficulties. There were, besides, four sleeping-cabins; and a stern-cabin, twelve feet in length, for dressing. Plenty of windows all round—provided with curtains, shutters, and venetians—insured the necessary ventilation and light, or admitted the mosquitoes, the flies, and the dust. Over all this was the "quarter-deck," with divans on either side, a table, a chair or two, and an awning to be spread in calm weather. At the further end of the boat might you observe a large filter for purifying the pea-soup-like Nile water for drinking, and the cook-boy's primitive kitchen-apparatus for the crew. Beyond, in the bow, was "the kitchen" for the excursion party. The large mast and lateen yard was fixed towards the bow of the boat—the smaller one in the stern. Twelve oars were provided for rowing, and a number of long poles for pushing off from the sand-banks. The whole Dahabéh—to give a little local colouring, we had better keep to that name—the oars, and the small row-boat were gaily painted in green, red, and white; and, with the flags flying aloft, the whole presented altogether a pretty appearance.

The "Cairo," for such was the name of the boat on this occasion—on a former it had been the "Fairy Queen," famous in Nilotic waters for herds of rats—had twenty-five souls on board: four passengers, a Dragoman and waiter, a Reis or captain, steersman, fourteen men as crew, a cook and a cook-boy. The passengers were English, and the eldest a gentleman of "seventy-five years of age; he is crippled and paralyzed, but still hale and hearty," and "is unable to move without crutches, or a stick on one side and the arm of his faithful servant Thomas on the other." He is accompanied by "two charming young ladies"—to use an expression applied to them on board the P. and O. Steamer—whose "European costume, surmounted by the knowing little felt hat and scarlet-tipped black feather, contrasts strangely with the flowing robes" of the Arabs. One of the ladies is Selina, the old gentleman's daughter—"she is very delicate, and the M.D.'s have said that she must be kept warm;" the other his cousin, whose Christian name can only be guessed from the initials on the title-page of her recently written "*Winter's Cruise*." The two are waited upon by Sarah, the ladies' maid—a "regular treasure" on such a trip, when washing and mauling and ironing had to be done on board. The party, bent

upon going as high up as the second cataracts, had placed itself under the guidance of an Egyptian Dragoman, Mohamed el Adléh—"a stout, strong-looking man, with handsome bronzed features," who spoke English tolerably well and knew every inch of the ground to be explored.

Such were the boat and its inmates, whose four months' winter cruise on the Nile one of the ladies with "the knowing little felt hat and the scarlet-tipped black feather" has just published. From the very composition of the party, and the familiarity of the country they visited, no new facts could be expected; and the work can therefore rank no higher than the ephemeral production of a tourist. There is not a scene that has not been described before either in works of travel or regular guide-books. Yet such is the strange fascination of the subject that even those most familiar with Egypt are glad to hear once more tidings from all their old friends and favourite haunts. The panorama unfolded is so grand and picturesque that it bears repeated inspection. The moment Alexandria heaves in sight—with its busy shipping, Pompey's pillar, and innumerable windmills, seeming to crawl like so many huge spiders over the sand-hills—we seem to dream a delightful dream, to breathe the air of the "*Arabian Nights' Entertainments*." The noisy donkey-boys, the water-carriers, the long strings of camels with the dust of the desert upon them, the strange houses, and forests of date-palms waving their graceful foliage in the air—all are features never to be forgotten. Then there is the first sight of the Nile, the pyramids, and Cairo with its innumerable minarets, quickly followed by the actual ascent of Cheops, a visit to the Sphinx, the tombs, the obelisks of Heliopolis, the petrified forest, and the place where Moses is said to have been put in the bullrushes. Finally, there is the actual navigation of the Nile in a Dahabéh, and the continued succession of some of the grandest works of man, supplying an endless source of study and speculation to the learned few, and being a never failing cause of surprise and wonder to the vulgar many.

When we say that the party, whose excursion Mrs. Carey has described, saw all that was to be seen as far as the second cataracts, and that she made copious notes and sketches on the spot, now published by desire of her friends, our readers will have a fair idea of what they may expect in this volume. "Phil," her cousin, and Selina are very much kept in the background; and our authoress and the Dragoman are the principal talking and acting figures. The lady does not seem to have very distinct opinions on anything; but she shows a good deal of intolerance in the terms in which she speaks of the Mahomedans. We may regret that other monotheistic beliefs do not agree with our own in points we consider essential; but we should not forget that half a loaf is better than no bread at all, and that proselytists would do much better to reserve their energies for the millions of benighted heathens than perhaps to at least waste them on people already acknowledging the existence of a supreme Creator and Controller of the world. Mrs. Carey does not seem to have been very successful in her attempts at converting her Dragoman:—

In a conversation with Mohamed on the subject of his religion, we gathered that he looked upon Jesus Christ as one of the 3000 prophets whom God had sent into the world from the beginning, and some of whom were in it still. He denied the Divine nature of Christ, simply, he said, because "It is impossible. How can man be God?" There was a dogged obstinacy of manner about him, which would seem to repel all idea of the possibility of persuading him of any error in his creed, and a sadly curious self-confidence when he concluded the subject with these words, "Very well, Mrs. C.—. When come the end of the world, then you be there, and I be there, and then we'll see, and then I tell you how it is true." They do not pray to their saints, he said, although they are perpetually singing out their names in their songs, whether in times of danger or otherwise. The basis of the Moslem faith is the first grand truth, that there is but one God, and that

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He orders all things, even the most trifling circumstances in life, to which order man must implicitly submit. Mohamed seemed to know no other article of faith; and the imperfect knowledge of the Moslem converted this one into the mere idea of a destiny, to which it was his duty wholly to resign himself. All was destiny, carried to such an extent that Mohamed frequently would not venture an opinion on the merest trifles; even he would not say at what hour we were likely to reach our destination. More than once he begged of us not to ask him "such questions," because, "if I say we get there by five o'clock, the wind sure to rise, and we not get half way there to-night." Swearing and drinking are wholly forbidden by their law; the former vice had one day met with condign punishment in the person of the unfortunate cook-boy, who cried like a real child after the shame of his beating. We looked up from our work and book in astonishment at hearing the familiar sounds proceeding from so unfamiliar a form, for I do think that our cook-boy, though a very good boy in general, was the most *unlike* specimen of the human race that could have been produced, and the idea that he could cry had never entered our heads.

This was not the only time the bastinado was administered on board:—

The dahabéhs, like royal courts in olden times, are, in general, provided with one member who acts in the character of "fool" to the rest of the party, in order to keep them alive and in good humour. "Hassan the Comic," who was thus designated on account of the tricks and buffoonery with which he was for ever amusing the company, seemed to stand in this position to our crew. His voice had not been heard for some time, when we suddenly discovered him, lying comfortably in the small boat alongside, with a magnificent turban twisted round his head, and composed of the strip of carpet which formed our divan. There he lay, with a most comic expression of grandeur and independence, waiting till we should turn round to have a look at him. Poor fellow! he had certainly forgotten himself; and, in the eyes of the dragoman, had exceeded even the bounds of "foolery." Mohamed ordered him and his turban off, with a reprimand, when, to our regret and astonishment, a small stick was produced, and the "bastinado" was inflicted. The culprit was ordered to hold up his naked feet, which he did instantly, sitting on the side of the boat, and two sharp strokes were laid across the soles, which must have been extremely painful, though not a muscle in his countenance betrayed it. We remarked upon what we considered unnecessary severity; but Mohamed said, "No, he never remembers only words." And as Mohamed, though passionate, was certainly tender-hearted, we believe he may have been right. The poor feet were rubbed for an instant by a sympathizing hand, but no other sign of feeling was shown upon the subject by either party.

After their return to Cairo from the second cataracts, our party proceeded by rail to Suez, and thought of going as far as Mount Sinai—but that was not to be. "Cousin Phil," who was generally carried in an invalid chair, borne by stout Arabs, was upset at this part of the journey, and, though fortunately not seriously hurt, considered it more prudent to abstain from further explorations.

DR. LANKESTER ON THE MICROSCOPE.
Half-hours with the Microscope: being a Popular Guide to the Use of the Microscope as a Means of Amusement and Instruction. By Edwin Lankester, M.D. Illustrated from Nature by Tuffen West. Third Edition. (Hardwicke.)

ALL who busy themselves with that ever-instructive instrument—the microscope—will welcome this new edition of Dr. Lankester's valuable little work; most welcome, however, will it be to the amateur who has only lately begun to interest himself in the hidden beauties of nature. It is highly gratifying that no fewer than seven thousand copies of this work have already been sold. Such a fact argues well for the progress of microscopic investigations in this country, where, at length, the instrument is beginning to be appreciated for its many practical applications; as, indeed, it should be, even were the knowledge it revealed less valuable, or the beautiful forms with which it makes us acquainted less beautiful.

In the present edition, in the first chapter, has been introduced a full description of the

structure of the compound-microscope, and of Mr. Wenham's beautiful arrangement for binocular vision, which is now so generally appreciated, and of which it has been well said that the importance is especially apparent when applied to anatomical investigations, their injections assuming their natural appearances at once, and no longer appearing flat and picture-like as heretofore.

At page 40, after we have been invited to take our microscope into the garden, the curious T-shaped hairs of the crysanthemum are noticed *inter alia*, while smokers are furnished with an infallible test of the purity of their tobacco. Fungi, mosses, and ferns—those beautiful objects met with in the country, and so interesting—are amply discoursed upon; and next come the treasures of the ponds and rivers, dermids and diatoms. After these are described the conervæ, amebas, and vorticella, and wheel-animalcules—which we are told we can study if "we go to every dirty pond, indeed, into which cesspools are emptied, and dead dogs and cats are thrown;" where "we shall find abundant employment for our microscope in the beautiful forms which are placed by the Creator in those positions to clear away the dirt and filth, and prevent its destroying the life of higher animals"—heaven-sent scavengers, making filth all but sublime!

After accompanying us on our holiday at the sea-side—and what wonders there await us!—in the last chapter our author shows us that we need only, after all, stay at home and look around us to equal the

Wonder, and the feast
Of beauty out of West and East

which the whole material universe pours out at our feet.

The eight plates which are dispersed throughout the book illustrate, in Tuffen West's best manner, the appearances of 250 objects under the microscope. An appendix gives full instructions as to the mounting of objects, and to the manner in which they are best prepared.

While thus we find Dr. Lankester, one of the editors of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, forsaking for a time scientific description, and what is too often considered the "high and dry" part of this subject, and writing this most charming popular little book, our opticians are not unmindful of the requirements of those about to enter the great Temple of Nature by its smallest door. The instruments constructed for the amateur are as remarkable for their convenience as are the larger ones for the perfection of all their parts.

We have lately in this journal called attention to the last victory achieved by our microscope-makers in the shape of a $\frac{1}{35}$ th object-glass admitting of ordinary manipulation, and giving a magnifying power of three or four thousand diameters without any loss of definition. Nor will our opticians rest here; we believe that Mr. Wenham is not the only one who does not despair of constructing an object-glass having a focal length of $\frac{1}{50}$ th of an inch.

While, then, our scientific microscopists, by the help of such magnificent means as these, look most closely into nature, and teach us of organic and inorganic life—spontaneous generation, and structure of rocks and meteoric stones among the rest—while the palæographer by the microscope detects fraud, and the medical man disease, let the young student and lover of nature, aided by this book, make his first acquaintance with the beautiful things so admirably and usefully discoursed upon.

CROWE'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. In Five Volumes. Volume III. (Longman.)

THE third volume of Mr. Crowe's "History of France" is in every way equal to its predecessors. Mr. Crowe writes gracefully and honestly. The care he has taken to hunt up original authorities sets him far above every other Englishman who has undertaken

to handle this subject; and the manly tone of his writing—all that is good and noble being fully recognised and set forth, and all that is ignoble and bad being boldly condemned—makes him a safer guide than many continental writers can be expected to be. His work might certainly have been made more racy and entertaining; but it could hardly be more trustworthy and complete. Adhering strictly to his purpose of narrating, within reasonable limits, the general history of the French and their rulers, with special reference to their dealings, peaceful and warlike, with our own nation, he is writing a book with which few faults can be found, and to which very hearty praise must be accorded.

The new volume is particularly attractive. In it Mr. Crowe carries on his story from the accession of Francis the Second in 1559 to the Treaty of Nimeguen in 1678, when Louis the Fourteenth had been five and thirty years on the throne. It is a story of more living interest than much that preceded it. The mediaeval history of France, even more than of some other states, has to do with physical and political rather than with intellectual development. "We now enter," says Mr. Crowe, "upon a period in which the antagonism is not merely between persons or countries, but between ideas, and where political and religious sentiments are arrayed and engaged in hostile conflict. One of these principles, briefly expressed as that of absolutism in politics and religion, was enthroned in the south, in Spain and Italy, over which the unvarying policy and the inflexible will of Philip the Second, and of the Popes subservient to him, reigned uncontrolled. In opposition to his stern and stolid purpose of en chaining the world to its most unenlightened past, arose in the north the antagonistic principle of the right and expediency of the people taking part, in proportion to their intelligence and capacity, both in the choice of religious belief and in the guidance of political action." France shared less than the other great nations of Europe in this strife. There was too much vicious folly in her kings, too much greed in her nobles, too much levity in the bulk of her subjects. But there was plenty of smouldering fire—once flaming up into the cruellest massacre ever done in a Christian land, more than once kindling disastrous civil war. In all this we may read the characteristics of the times; and from the relations between France and other countries, at the very seasons when France seems least alive to the general movement, we may perhaps learn most of all.

It has been the fashion till lately to regard Henry the Eighth as just a blood-thirsty ruffian, and Francis the First as a pattern of gentle and courteous kingship; and it is quite likely that Francis was, in matters of deportment, a much better gentleman than Henry. But, in nearly everything that goes to the making of a good king, Henry was the superior. Under his government, and the equally sturdy rule of his daughter Elizabeth, England passed safely through the troubles of the sixteenth century, and was made strong enough to resist all the encroachments of the Stuarts in the seventeenth. Francis wasted his power in foolish schemes of aggrandizement that were ruined even in his lifetime, and left to his descendants a system of government so corrupt, and a nation so oppressed with tyrannies of all sorts, that things have never been righted to this day.

Altogether ugly, save for the occasional brightness thrown upon it by the Huguenot character, itself not always bright, is the history of France under the three grandsons of Francis the First and their mother, Catherine de' Medici. The dispositions of Henry the Third and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, successive claimants for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, are tolerably well-known to Englishmen.

The brothers regarded each other with puerile hatred; and their inhabiting the same court or palace led to the most absurd rivalry between themselves, and the most ignoble squabbles

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amongst their followers. Each bestowed his favour and time, and lavished his resources on a band of young, handsome, swaggering gallants, to whom the king especially set the example of great extravagance, and, at the same time, effeminacy of dress. Their cheeks were painted, their necks adorned with starched frills of enormous dimensions, and their hair curled with a care exceeding male pretensions. Henry the Third carried this so far as to appear accoutred in a female garb. These acts of idiocy the people construed to be indicative not merely of perverted taste, but of degrading crime; and the king's *mignons* were the objects of such universal execration that, when they perished by the hands of each other, or of more insidious foes, and when Henry consoled himself for their loss by the performance of splendid funeral rites, and the erection of superb mausoleums, the public applauded the acts of vengeance by which these base parasites were slain.

Before long France was rid of the Valois; and somewhat less disreputable, in its early period at any rate, was the Bourbon dynasty. This race of rulers might, indeed, have been respectable, had the people been ready for good government. But there was no healthy national life in them. Conduct specially disgusting and offensive, like that just instance, now and then roused them to an hour's fury; but, on the whole, they were content with their lot. Absence of all virtue was nothing strange in their sovereigns; and, if their own principles or interests were assailed, there was too much jealousy and apathy among themselves for any resistance to be possible. Mr. Crowe's explanation of the religious indifference of the French is as true of all the political benefits that attended the Reformation.

The failure of Protestantism in France was chiefly owing to the supineness of the middle class, whose cause it essentially had been, and to the depression of the labouring population. A rustic middle class, like our yeomanry, did not exist; and the civic population, which proved favourable to the Reformation, had either been terrified into the external adoption and observance of Catholicism, or driven away altogether from the towns of the north, including the capital. In the south, indeed, the towns for the greater part held firm; but even there they did not take up the cause with zeal, nor fling out from their numbers energetic men to lead them. Amidst all these soldiers of fortune the Huguenots engendered no Cromwell. They never raised their thoughts to war and resistance on their own account, nor to organization after their own fashion; they trusted to princes to lead, to German or Swiss infantry to fight for them. In fact they wanted—what the middle class of France has always wanted—the perspicacity, energy, skill, and courage to divine and maintain their true interests and carry their cause through triumphantly.

Even the great and gallant Coligny was not the leader to accomplish this. He had the purity and sincerity requisite for a religious chief; but he was a noble with small sympathy for the middle or the lower class, over which he gained no influence and exercised no control. Henry of Navarre was even still more unfit and unequal to the part, for which, indeed, his rank as a prince totally incapacitated him. To Coligny's want of sympathy with the vulgar, Henry joined that religious indifference which was gaining fast upon the age and upon its eminent men, and which is the usual consequence of religious enthusiasm without solidity, and fanatic efforts without policy or without aim. Henry the Fourth came to bury the religious struggle, not continue it.

It was a graceless work to undertake, however; and the doing of it reflects no credit upon Henry. Mr. Crowe speaks much less in Henry's praise and much more in his dispraise than do most of his biographers; but even Mr. Crowe seems to be somewhat dazzled by the bravery of the warrior, the gallantry of the gentleman—as gallantry and gentility went in those days—and the brilliancy of the wit. Shrewdness and worldly wisdom, in abundance, must be acknowledged in Henry the Fourth; and it is to his honour that he freed his country from the miserable anarchy by which it had been so long afflicted and established a firm and durable government. It was hardly his fault that this government was itself soon made an instrument of vice and injustice almost as great as any

that prevailed under the Valois. But the blemishes of his own life are not to be ignored. Nor his public and private faithlessness, for his moral delinquencies and the consistent selfishness which was his main characteristic, no apology can be offered; and it is no condonation for his treacherous abandonment of the Huguenot cause to allege that he changed his religion from purely politic reasons. "I am about to take the *saut perilleux*," he wrote to his paramour just before the ceremony of entering the Roman Church—the *saut perilleux* being the extreme feat which a mountebank performs as the climax of his agility; and his whole career was little better or more honourable than a *saut perilleux*.

The effects of Henry's work are apparent in the reigns of his successors. Mr. Crowe tells fully and ably the story of Louis the Thirteenth's rule, and that of the first thirty-five years of French history under Louis the Fourteenth. In the latter period there was glory enough, if glory consist in military achievements and the prosecution of ambitious schemes; but for this was made necessary "an exhaustion of resources, and a destruction of the vitality of the monarchy, if not of the country, which brought on premature decrepitude and made the remainder of its history but the record of its decline."

"THE KING'S MAIL," AND OTHER NOVELS.

The King's Mail. By Henry Holl. (Sampson Low, Son, & Co.)

Chesterford, and Some of its People. By the Author of "A Bad Beginning." Three Volumes. (Smith and Elder.)

Forbidden Fruit. By J. T. Two Volumes. (Smith and Elder.)

Recollections of Mrs. Anderson's School. By Jane Winnard Hooper. (Virtue Brothers.)

Gabrielle Hastings. By A. S. W. (Hatchard & Co.)

PATERSON was what Bradshaw is. These two road-books are a good illustration of the changes that, in the last thirty years, have swept over the face of the country. Bradshaw, short and stout, puffed out with advertisements in every conceivable corner, tells a tale of hurry and despatch, of rapid motion and reckless haste, as appalling as it is wonderful to the simple-minded traveller, who, in the few minutes he has to spare, before he rushes off to, let us say, the Waterloo terminus, turns over page after page in the wild hope of finding the when and the how to get to his destination. At last, in a way, he makes up his mind. A bell is ringing as he tears up the steep ascent to the station. By a bold effort he enters his carriage just as the signal is given and the monster is on the move. What horrible vapours then salute him as he emerges from the station, and glides about among the house-tops of fragrant Lambeth, Nine Elms, and Vauxhall! Then the race begins. A friend, let us suppose, is coming by the up-train, of whom he wishes to obtain a glimpse in passing. At the given point he prepares for a momentary greeting. A moment—Ugh! not a fragment of it! A screeching, blinding, blatant thing whirls by with a shock that sends him, with closed eyes, into a nutshell; and, while at a mad speed he is himself shooting onwards, terror for others fills up the measure of his discomfort, until, at the end of his perilous ride, he knows the blessing of once more stepping safely on to the welcome platform. The Rail and the Road are rival facts; but the beauties of the King's Highway are fading out of the great picture of the world's traffic, and Paterson's dear old volume, with its morocco coat, handsome gilt edges, and quaint fastening, so expressive of gentlemanly leisure, is now put as lumber on the topmost shelf. Yet Paterson's were the days! Up hill and down dale, with a few miles of fine sweeping terrace-ground, overhung by interlacing boughs of richest greenery, the Road gave views of homesteads, parks, and blue distances, as ravishing as

they were frequent; while the tuneful jingle of the harness, the measured tread of the well-groomed team, the soothing roll of the wheels as they did their six or eight miles an hour, and drew up at the very moment of time before the cheerful inn where the coach "stopped to dine," were compensation for the cramped position and the whole day's fatigue. In the inn there was light, and warmth, and welcome, and good cheer; and, when the guard's polite reminder that "time was up" disturbed the harmony of the company, there was comfort in knowing that your meal hadn't burnt your mouth, and that you had not paid your money without tasting what it bought. A fine drive it was on a bright day in June, to start from the old "Golden Cross" by the Portsmouth coach, and, through the pleasant lanes of Battersea and Wandsworth, "cross the iron railway"—only a tram, mind you—and, referring to Paterson, feel that your journey was begun. You knew, without asking, the proper name of the turnpike to be passed; for did not a neat hieroglyphic stand in the path? Anon an outline of a little bridge gave timely intimation of the shining river that otherwise would have stopped the way. To the left an index-finger politely pointed out the wilds of Wimbledon, as you journeyed over Putney heath; to the right a similar graceful sketch announced the proximity of Roehampton. Onward rolls the coach in dignified composure through Kingston, Esher, Cobham, Ripley, Guilford, and fair Godalming—whereabouts the country changed, and a range of hills filled the minds of timid passengers with fears as to "drags and slippers" giving way.

But there were older days of the coaches still than these—days when, as Mr. Holl tells us, the "King's Mail turned round the corner of St. Clement's Danes, and clattered along the Strand, the people in the streets wondering at its unusual speed—full six miles an hour—while the 'Flying Machine,' for all its wings, went but four," and when these wondering citizens "saw how the guard was armed, and how he carried pistols and a blunderbuss, to defend his charge over the long, tedious road they had to travel before they could reach Portsmouth. Fourteen long hours at least," adds Mr. Holl, "and quick travelling, too, in 1785." It is at this very unsafe period in the annals of the Road generally that Mr. Holl's story opens. It opens with the introduction of one Captain Nicolas Upton, the college friend and evil counsellor of Martin Blakeborough of Chase House, in the vicinity of Haslemere. Chase House is the oldest place in the county, and the Blakeboroughs are one of the oldest county-families. The young squire "is a wild, reckless fellow as ever put foot in stirrup. The gentry turn their backs upon him;" and by the "poor farm-tenants, whose young crops he and his companions ride over with as little care as they would over a piece of stubble," he is disliked and feared. To supply his extravagance, he had long since mortgaged The Chase; and he is in the deadly clutches of lawyer Clam and Isaacs, the Jew money-lender. These worthies harass him to extremities, and threaten to foreclose within a given time, unless the money be forthcoming. In utter despair the Squire betakes himself to the old Angel Inn. Here he is staying when he is found by Baxter, one of the best of his wild associates, brooding over the desperate state of his affairs. Two other friends drop in, and, as there was no concealment affected, matters are discussed openly by the four men. While they are talking and drinking punch, the noise of wheels in the inn-yard attracts them into the overhanging gallery, and from it they see the Portsmouth Mail, the ostlers busy with the horses and harness, while the guard and coachman stow away the various parcels intrusted to them. The mail-bags are placed in the boot, and four porters, lifting a heavy iron-bound box, deposit it there as well; and the coach starts upon its journey. "That's bullion," half-whispered Baxter to his companions, "on its way to Portsmouth to pay

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off some ship or other. I wish it was going to pay me off instead." The Squire stood for a time looking after the departing coach, watching it with greedy eyes, and thinking of the treasure it conveyed—speculating within himself what that gold would do for him, and how the Jew and lawyer yet might travel by it, and seize upon his land. Full of these thoughts, and busy in his own conceits, he turned about with the intention of joining his friends, and of finishing the punch they had left upon the table, when he saw Baxter's eyes fastened on him with a strange interrogating expression in them, as if to read his mind, and ask him if he thought as he did. There they stood looking, but without speaking, each gazing on the other with a kind of mute communication in their eyes, as if to search each other's thoughts, and be possessed of the other's secret-wishes. Still neither spoke, but the suggestion was alike in each, however dark and hidden it might be. They left the gallery, and, walking into the room again, called for a second bowl of punch; another followed that; while, drawing their chairs closely round the table, the four men sat talking in subdued whispers among themselves, until St. Clement's Church struck twelve.

The wild scenery of the Devil's Punch Bowl (round which the old coach-road still winds), with that of Hind Head Heath, and the range of hills called the Hog's Back, are well described by the author; and the incidents of the story are of such varied interest that the pleasure of the intending reader would be destroyed if the plot were detailed more fully. The story is a "first attempt" at novel-writing by the author, and might be condensed without injury to the exhibition of Mr. Holl's graphic powers; but the whole theme is treated with spirit. "*The King's Mail*," we should say, bids fair to be a favourite book with such as can enjoy reminiscences of the adventures of the Road in those old roistering days. Of course the Mail was stopped and robbed. How would the same bold hands deal with the carriages of the Company?

A few words now about "*Chesterford, and Some of its People*." Chesterford, with its market-house in the centre, "stands on the summit of a steep rise," which is "crowned by the lofty spire of the grey old church." It has "a winding river," "a picturesque old bridge of five arches, ivied ruins of an ancient castle," with "smiling meadows backed by richly-wooded hills; and beyond these again, almost mingling with the clouds, rise the distant blue mountains." Of "its People," the most remarkable are the rector, Mr. Rivers, and the curate, Mr. Wells—"both looked up to in a way that bishops might vainly sigh for in some more enlightened English towns." Then we have the clever chemist, Mr. Severn Sparks; the ignorant, ill-tempered grocer, Mr. Titus Peacock, whose only humanizing affection is that which he feels "for kittens;" Miss Polly Peacock, his only child, a beauty and coquette; Mr. Charles Chatterly, a clerk in his father's land-office and a male flirt; and Mrs. Lyndon of Ash Cottage, the widow of the late rector, who, with her daughter Katherine, lives upon her annuity in a pretty house about a mile from the town, in quiet comfort and respectability. Mr. Thompson is Mrs. Lyndon's first cousin, and he had loved her "passionately when they were boy and girl together." Having been rejected, he is now the husband of a lady whom he married for her money, and has become "a subtle, scheming intriguer," living a gay London life, showy but scant—his wife, a fussy, spiteful London dame, interfering with and advising everybody, with a "daughter, Harriet," to settle. High-spirited, self-willed, "a riddle hard to be read," Miss Thompson—who "always dressed and moved well, and generally said the right thing at the right time"—is a girl "generally admired," but not loved. Kate Lyndon, on the contrary, wins the affections of the only man for whom Harriet Thompson would care; and in her desperate passion she determines that Mr. Parkholm, a barrister, "who dislikes women," shall love and marry her. Reckless and unscrupulous, after many

abortive schemes and efforts, Harriet betrays herself, only to suffer agonies of shame and rage at Mr. Parkholm's grave rejection of her offered love. A fire destroys the young man's property—"a spacious family mansion" and "farm buildings" near the town of Summer-ton, of which he had recently come into possession. His bailiff, Ned Ashton, a fine young farmer, to whom Miss Polly Peacock was engaged to be married, meets, just before the fire, with a sudden and terrible death in the old Chalk Quarry. The search for the body, led by the distracted girl herself, is the best scene in the book. The suspicion of foul play is so fixed in her mind and that of Mr. Ashton, the bereaved father, that a charge of murder is brought against young Chatterly, and a warrant obtained against him, though the accusation subsequently falls to the ground. A brain fever and long illness reclaim the Chesterford coquette; and through the care of Mr. Rivers and Kate Lyndon the young girl is restored to health again, and ultimately takes up her abode with Mr. Alston—her own cross-grained parent having brought to his grocer's shop a young wife from Mogford. A lucrative Indian appointment tempts John Parkholm to expect that Kate and he might marry and go out; but, after various misunderstandings, caused by the malice of the love-lorn Harriet—who afterwards marries an old *roué*, Sir Charles Conway—pretty Kate Lyndon and her barrister are united; John, giving up India, and working hard at his profession, after a while succeeds, restores the Park to its former value, and erects a dwelling more suited to his taste than the gloomy old mansion of his predecessors.

Of "*Forbidden Fruit*," by J. T., perhaps the less said the better. Husbands and wives are all loving the wrong people—that is to say, not each other. Strangely enough, in this story also, a girl, Christina Anstruther, offers her love to the hero, Guy Livingston, to be, like poor Harriet in the last story, also rejected. Is this phase of female conduct becoming frequent, that two authors should contemporaneously, and without concert, have made it an incident in their tales?

Very pleasant are the "*Recollections of Mrs. Anderson's School*"—a book which has reached a second edition, and is a nice book for young people to read on the beach, now that the summer weather takes them to the sea-side.

With "*Gabrielle Hastings*," also—a tale which appeared in the "*Church of England Magazine*," and is now, at the desire of friends, published in its present form—young readers may spend some hours agreeably, and not without profit. It is a pathetic, well-written story.

M. SAINTE-BEUVÉ'S CRITICISMS.

Nouveaux Lundis. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie française. Tome I. (Paris: Michel Lévy frères.)

M. SAINTE-BEUVÉ is an indefatigable writer. Some fourteen volumes of the old "*Causeries du Lundi*" bear witness to his industry; and yet he enters upon this new series with unabated ardour. Nay, he even informs us in the short preface that he is bringing a greater amount of truth and frankness to bear on its production. For the benefit of such of our readers as have not examined the former links of this long chain, we may state that the former series consisted of the essays that appeared on successive Mondays in the official French newspaper, the *Moniteur*. The essays that compose this first volume of the new series came out in the *Constitutionnel*, and bear the date of every Monday from the 16th of September, 1861, to the 27th of January, 1862.

M. Sainte-Beuve's chief qualifications as a critic are a lucid and interesting style, and very considerable powers of analysis. Authors of the most different habits of thought and composition are dissected by him with equal impartiality; their good and bad points are exposed with fairness, and their leading principles and opinions discussed

with moderation, if not always with great profundity. It is not every one who could enter well and thoroughly into the views and feelings of men so different as Louis Veuillot, the ultra-Catholic editor of the *Univers*, recently suppressed by the French Government—Guizot, the consistent advocate of constitutional government—Béranger, the republico-Napoleonic song-writer—Madame Swetchine, the Russian lady who had been converted from the Greek Church to Roman Catholicism, and had settled in Paris as the holder of a religious *salon*—Lamennais, the eloquent and rebellious priest—Victor de Laprade, the Wordsworthian poet—Prévost-Paradol, the able advocate of constitutional liberty—Merlin de Thionville, the revolutionary deputy and soldier—Benjamin Constant, the clever pamphleteer and liberal politician of the First Empire and of the Restoration. This is not a complete list of the men whose works are discussed in this book; but it will serve to show the kind of subjects to which M. Sainte-Beuve generally devotes his attention. There are, indeed, three or four essays on writers or statesmen of the time of Louis XIV.—as Madame de Sévigné, Labruyère, Louvois, the king's war-minister, and Perrault, who collected the French fairy-tales. But the greater portion of the volume treats of the lives or works of men now living, or only recently dead. In considering such topics M. Sainte-Beuve has this great advantage, that he has for many years been moving among the first literary circles of Paris, and has, consequently, enjoyed the society of many of the men of whom he speaks, and had every opportunity of studying their successive productions. Were it not so, it would be a matter of considerable astonishment how he could in the space of one short week obtain the grasp of his subject that is exhibited in some of the best of these articles.

M. Sainte-Beuve's own principles of criticism are given in the following passage of his essay on M. Laprade:

I have just read his last work, and I own I have not been able to do so without effort and weariness. What struck me especially, and in every part, was how completely the author, whether in his reasonings or in his inquiries into literary history, is unable to understand any other than his own manner of viewing things and his own individuality; by this alone he warns us that he is no critic. So much the worse for him who in art only understands what he himself can do! He thus narrows the bounds of his horizon at will. This is a great temptation for the artist who takes upon himself the office of a critic, if he be a great, though an incomplete artist. I have often thought that the best thing for the critic who wished to obtain the greatest possible largeness of view would be to possess no artistic or creative faculty, for fear lest he might carry into his judgments the secret bias of a father. Goethe is the only poet who had a poetic faculty in support of every one of his thoughts as a critic, and could say of everything he was judging, in whatever kind: "I can make a perfect specimen of it if I will." When a man has only a single circumscribed and special talent, the safest thing for him to do in becoming a critic—a critic by profession and on all sorts of subjects—is to put that talent in his pocket, and to confess that nature is greater and more varied than she proved herself to be in creating him. Incomplete artists that we are, let us at least have our understandings larger than our own special department. Let us measure the sphere of art with another compass than that which has meted out the niche for our own statue. Let us not build a whole edifice on a single column.

This, on the whole, is sensible and true; and, when it is remembered that M. Sainte-Beuve is himself a poet of no mean order, it must be admitted that he has well fulfilled the difficult task he places before the artist-critic.

But it may be a question whether this freedom of judgment, when it forms the basis of a man's mind, and is constantly fostered and acted upon, is compatible with great earnestness and deep convictions. There is, at least, a danger that, by habitually exposing his mind to so many conflicting winds of opinion, he should at last degenerate into

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a mere weathercock. This is not a necessity certainly; but it is a danger, and a danger which we may be allowed to say that M. Sainte-Beuve has not altogether escaped.

Thus, if he were a man of a very earnest nature, and in the habit of taking very high views of men and things, he would scarcely have said much that he has said in his article on M. Prévost-Paradol. That gentleman, not unnaturally as it will seem to most men on this side of the channel, has expressed some regret that it was not his lot to live in the time of Louis Philippe, when free opinions were freely discussed, when there was a free press and a free parliament, and a government responsible to and elected by the nation, and when, in short, "whether girt with friends or foes, a man might speak the thing he would." How does M. Sainte-Beuve, who throughout this volume shows himself the advocate of Imperialism, answer these aspirations towards a nobler past? By prevying, or attempting to prove, to M. Prévost-Paradol that personally he would not have been so much better off under a constitutional government. This is bad enough; but, as M. Prévost-Paradol would probably answer that his admiration for the bygone system does not spring from selfish motives, but from the conviction that a constitutional monarchy is the best and noblest form of government, M. Sainte-Beuve rejoins—"I do not deny the sincerity and warmth of such convictions; but I wish to account for them to myself, and I say that such convictions will always in the end place themselves in harmony with our talents, our vocations, and our desires. A system of government under which all our faculties have full play and free action, and consequently obtain the greatest triumphs, will easily appear to us to be the most legitimate, nay, even the only legitimate one." A very highly disinterested and earnest man would scarcely have written this. M. Prévost-Paradol has every opportunity for a most damaging rejoinder.

It is no wonder that the uneducated classes in France should so constantly allow themselves to be led astray by the "fair-seeming shows and painted vain delights" of military glory when we find that even a writer of M. Sainte-Beuve's ability is constantly following them too. Indeed, he does so with a hopeless kind of unconsciousness that they are not the highest good to which a state can aspire, which is far more suggestive than fervid declamation or argument would be. When a man argues he at least shows that he is aware that his positions are not absolutely unassailable. Thus, M. Sainte-Beuve, in his articles on Guizot, considers that Louis Philippe's Government was not one under which a man can be proud to have lived, because it did not go to war with the Emperor of Russia for giving himself harmless airs of superiority; in other words, because it did not seek every trivial opportunity of appealing to arms. Again, he suggests that after the Revolution of 1830 there should have been a foreign war, in order that the superfluous force and excitement generated by that event might thus have been expended. This notable plan of dragging Europe through all the horrors of a general war, in order that France might enjoy domestic tranquillity and have its military vanity tickled, he calls a "*généreux système*." We confess we are unable to see it in that light. Thus, also, more than half the second Essay on Louvois is taken up with a panegyric of Louis XIV., evidently because he had done his best to enlarge the national boundaries. The terrible harm he had done to France, the misery he had inflicted, the many foolish and tyrannical measures with which his name is allied, are all conveniently ignored; and we are told not to forget that "*C'est un roi national que Louis XIV.*"

With all this the first volume of the "*Nouveaux Lundis*" is a pleasant book. The greater French authors are of course well known in England; but there are many of the lesser luminaries of modern French

literature with whose names most Englishmen are acquainted, but whose works they have scarcely the time or the inclination to study. Of several such men M. Sainte-Beuve gives an interesting and readable account. The book may be read with advantage by those who desire to obtain in a short and agreeable form a fair idea of some of the current literary events of France.

NOTICES.

Man; or, the Old and New Philosophy: being Notes and Facts for the Curious, with especial reference to recent writers on the subject of the Origin of Man. By the Rev. B. W. Savile, M.A., Author of "Revelation and Science." (Hurst and Blackett. Pp. 296.)—WHY this book should be called "Man," or "The Old and New Philosophy," or both together, as it does call itself, it would be difficult to say. It might quite as aptly have been named "Savile Row," or "A Collection of Facetiae and Miscellaneous Clippings and Jottings." There is a preface, indeed, in which the names of Darwin, Huxley, and Colenso occur, and in which you are given to understand that the writer is wroth with these gentlemen and their speculations, and is orthodox and conservative himself; and then the seven chapters into which the book is divided have these successive headings, which seem to promise something scientific and philosophic:—"The Origin of Man," "Man as a Pyrrhonist," "Man as a Necromancer," "Man as an Allegorist," "Man as an Orator," "Homo Barbatus," and "The End of Man." But, when you come to read the text itself, you find out that the author has nothing either of science or of philosophy in his intention, and that his sole purpose has been to produce a funny book. For this purpose, under the pretext of a tirade against heterodox views of man and his origin, he seems to have emptied into the present volume all the funny odds and ends of everything in his common-place book—scraps of facetious verse, cuttings from the American newspapers, old Joe Millerisms, queer epitaphs, Pun-chiana, historical anecdotes, &c., &c. These make the material of the volume; and, save on the title-page and an occasional phrase, there is not even a pretence of anything respecting "Man and his Origin." Some of Mr. Savile's stories and clippings are really good, particularly some of his collected epitaphs in the last chapter, and some specimens of Yankee oratory which he inserts in Chapter V. Altogether, he may have done himself injustice in choosing so grave-looking a title. Had he indicated, what is the fact, that the book is simply a collection of facetiae set floating on a kind of text of mock-wisdom or meaningless twaddle, he would have attracted more readers. A good deal of amusement is to be got out of the volume, but not a particle of real purpose, or doctrine, or philosophy, old or new; and we doubt if the author really intended any purpose, or doctrine, or philosophy when he wrote it.

The Smoker's Text-Book. By John Hamer, F.R.S.L. (Leeds: J. Hamer. Pp. 112.)—THE first thing to be noted about this book is its form and appearance. It is one of the most diminutive little gems of a book ever seen; externally, a square little thing, in green cloth with gilt letters; and, internally, exhibiting a quantity of the smallest and neatest printing on pretty toned paper. "The type ('Brilliant') from which the book is printed is," we are told, "the smallest movable type in the world. A page an inch square contains as many words as a page of a large octavo volume; and yet each letter is so perfectly cast, it is as clear and quite as easy to decipher as many descriptions of book-type several sizes larger." So much for the look of the little book. Its matter consists of little essays, extracts, bits of poetry, &c., all either in defence of smoking, or fit for the meditations of smokers as they whiff their pipes. Mr. Hamer would seem to be an ardent advocate of tobacco; and the present book is doubtless a whim resulting from this taste co-operating with a fancy for the smallest movable type in the world.

Life, Law, and Literature; Essays on Various Subjects. By William G. T. Barter, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. (Bell and Daldy. Pp. 230.)—MR. BARTER, who in 1854 published "The Iliad of Homer translated almost literally in the Spenserian Stanza, with preface and notes," and who in 1856 published a poem in six books called "Adventures of a Summer's Eve," has here published a collection of thirty-six little prose Essays, or dissertations written at various times and for

various purposes, and some of which have appeared before in periodicals. Among the subjects, which are very various, are "Ancient and Modern Poetry," "Periodical Literature," "Omens," "Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister," "On the Homeric Poems," "Hexameters," "Horace and his Translators," "On Punning," "War not Unchristian," "What is Poetry?" "How to make a Lawyer," and "On the Extension of the County Courts' Jurisdiction." The Essays are of the quiet, thoughtful cast; the style is careful and scholarly; and the book is compact, tastefully printed on toned paper, and pleasant for the meditative reader to handle and look at.

The Touchstone: a Series of Letters on Social, Literary, and Political Subjects, originally published in the "Newcastle Daily Chronicle" under the signature of "Britannicus." By Thomas Doubleday, Author of the "True Law of Population," &c. (Hardwicke. Pp. 202.)—QUITE a contrast to the former book externally, being bound in dingy grey paper, which rather repels, and printed at Newcastle legibly enough, but with no extra effort after the tasteful; but containing, as the author's name will suggest to some, good strong matter of various kinds. There are six letters on the question "Why is a strong government now impossible?" seven on the question "Has not Indebtedness been the great cause of Revolution?" six on the question "Is Aristocratic or Democratic Society most favourable to Mental Excellence?" seven on the question "Has the System of Paper Credit been beneficial to those who have adopted it?" &c.

The Hovel and the Home; or, Improved Dwellings for the Labouring Classes, and How to Obtain Them. By Ebenezer Clarke, Junr., Member of the Council of the Central Cottage Improvement Society, &c. (Tweedie. Pp. 62.)—THE aim of the author of this pamphlet is—(1) To prove the necessity of improved dwellings for the labouring classes; (2) to suggest various plans by which they may be obtained at a cost that will be economical and yet remunerative; and (3) to point out the influence, moral and physical, likely to be exerted by such improved dwellings. He evidently regards a good cottage home, not far from London, as not only desirable in itself, but the best cure for hosts of evils. The ways and means for obtaining such habitations, and promoting the erection of them, are fully discussed; and the whole tract is pervaded by a spirit at once benevolent and business-like.

AMONG theological and ecclesiastical publications we note a second edition of Mr. William Rathbone Greg's celebrated treatise, entitled *The Creed of Christendom; its Foundations and Superstructure* (Trübner, pp. 281), originally published in 1850, and the present edition of which will naturally be in demand, from the ability with which the author discussed, long before Bishop Colenso was heard of as a sceptic, various questions which are now more generally agitated than they were.—*The Book of the Law; when and how was it written?* (Ridgway, pp. 126) is a pamphlet in which the object of the writer has been "to discuss the subject in question according to the rules of internal evidence," proceeding quite in his own way, and avoiding "all reference to great names, as well as—as much as possible—all allusion to Hebrew." The nature of his conclusions seems to be a modified Colensoism, as may be inferred from his saying that, "by abandoning the assumption that the strict letter of the text is necessary to be regarded as Mosaic, the spirit of the inspired law-giver may still be traced in its original purity."—*The Divine Mystery of Peace.* By James Baldwin Brown, B.A., Minister of Clayland's Chapel, Clapham Road, London. (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. Pp. 120.) This is a series of Five Sermons, all on texts from St. John's Gospel, written with Mr. Baldwin Brown's usual earnestness, and in the vein which readers of his former writings will recognise as characteristically his.—*The Time of the End* (Stephenson, pp. 40) is a small "exposition of the prophecies in course of fulfilment, showing the speedy overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, the Mahomedan Delusion, the Papal Power, &c." You get all about "the Battle of Armageddon" and the general wind-up of the world's affairs in a few pages.—*An Exposure of "The Record" Newspaper in its Treatment of "Good Words;" reprinted from the "Patriot."* (Simpkin and Marshall. Pp. 38.) Hard hitting for the *Record* for its attacks on the orthodoxy of *Good Words* and on its editor Dr. Norman McLeod.—*A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London on the Repeal of the Act of Uniformity and the True Principles of Church Reform.* By the Rev. H. Higham, M.A., late Fellow of Queen's

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College, Oxford, and Principal of Cheltenham College. (Hatchard. Pp. 32.) Mr. Higham is an old pupil of Dr. Arnold; and, regarding the repeal of the Act of Uniformity as the necessary "commencement of all real Church Reform," he here addresses Dr. Arnold's successor at Rugby, the present Bishop of London, on that and kindred subjects. The spirit and intention are good; but the composition is rather clumsy. The opening sentence of the Letter is nearly two pages long, and quite a study for complexity of structure.—*Calumnies Confuted: Historical Facts in Answer to the "Quarterly Review" on the Bicentenary Commemoration; with an Appendix, showing the true character of the Act of Uniformity, 1662.* (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. Pp. 112.) A strenuous Nonconformist's defence of the English Nonconformists and their principles, already defended by Dr. Robert Vaughan in his "English Nonconformity"—a work much referred to by Mr. Wilson.

The Debate on Turkey in the House of Commons on Friday, May 29, 1863; with Remarks. By Ph. Christitch, Servian Senator. (C. W. Reynell. Pp. 128.)—In this pamphlet is reproduced in detail the debate in Parliament on the subject of Turkey and its dependencies. The "remarks" of Senator Christitch refer to the inaccuracies, political and historical, in the speech of Mr. Layard, and appear in the form of an appendix to the debate. They conclude with the following words:—"These few observations enable us to abstain from refuting a host of other assertions all through Mr. Layard's speech. Unprejudiced readers will have already formed their own idea of the justice and impartiality of Mr. Layard, and will draw their own conclusions as to the character of his other assertions."

The Earl of Dudley, Mr. Lumley, and Her Majesty's Theatre. (Bosworth and Harrison. Pp. 32.)—Mr. LUMLEY, "cast down by reverses," is grateful for the sympathy shown him in the recent benefit-representations in his favour at Drury Lane Theatre, and has here published "at least enough of the weary history of the last years of his career as director of Her Majesty's Theatre" to enable the public to judge between the Earl of Dudley and himself and to say who should assume the tone of a complainant.

The Education of the Blind and the Deaf and Dumb: a Lecture. By Alfred Payne (Manchester: Phillips; London: Tweedie. Pp. 24.)—Mr. PAYNE regards both the range and the system of instruction as imperfect in the case of the unfortunates for whom he pleads; and he proposes ways for enlarging the field and remodelling the method of their tuition.

MAGAZINES AND SERIALS.

IN the Cornhill, besides the month's instalment of "The Small House at Allington" and Miss Evans's great story of "Romola"—which latter tale, we observe, is immediately to be before the public entire in that book-form in which its merits of thought and construction may be best judged—we have several articles, critical, historical, or expository, on special topics of interest. Among these we note an interesting and useful article of practical physiology on "Over-eating and Under-eating," and one entitled "Was Nero a Monster?" from the pen of Mr. G. H. Lewes. Mr. Lewes professes not to maintain the paradox that Nero is one of those characters in history who, though really saints or noble persons, have been unaccountably black-washed by circumstances, but only to maintain the minor paradox—for such he confesses it to be—that there is no sufficient evidence that Nero committed the main crimes alleged against him, but rather evidence that some of these crimes could not possibly have been committed by him. Whatever Mr. Lewes writes is worth reading; but many will not be satisfied even with his ingenuity in the present article. Certain men, long reputed among the "blackguards" of history, have, indeed, at length had their characters "whitewashed;" and it may be laid down as a principle, that general opinion, failing to grasp the notion of any character *very* extraordinary, will often heave into the limbo of "blackguardism" characters which are simply unintelligible. On these grounds there might be room for a very interesting essay on "Neroes, Nero-Worship, and the Neroic in History," in which some of the matter of Mr. Lewes's present article might have place. But the line of argument he pursues is, we conceive, such as, if applied generally, would end simply in this—that, with a very few exceptions, no one can say now whether any fact whatever, alleged to have happened two hundred, or five hundred, or a thou-

sand, or two thousand years ago, did or did not happen. Perhaps Mr. Lewes means to imply something to this broad effect.

In *Macmillan*, on the other hand, we have an illustrious character, perhaps as unduly, but in a different manner, "blackwashed." One of the articles surest to attract attention in the present number is a paper by the great German chemist, Baron Liebig, entitled "Lord Bacon as a Natural Philosopher." In this paper—of which, it is announced, there is to be a continuation—Liebig, on the faith of a minute examination of Bacon's own scientific writings, and of his "Novum Organum," avows his conviction that Bacon has no real right to the high place which he claimed for himself, and which the world, or at least Englishmen, have generally assigned him, as a pioneer or promoter of true science and modern scientific methods, but was, on the contrary, if not a *charlatan*, at all events a boaster and a bungler. Baron Liebig's belief seems to be that Bacon, in political and judicial life, was as unsound as historians, including Macaulay, have generally represented him to have been, and that Macaulay's only mistake is in supposing that Bacon was or could have been a whit sounder in philosophy than he was in public life. Baron Liebig seems, of late, to have had a quarrel with English science and English scientific men generally; and it is not likely that his present blast against Bacon's scientific pretensions will pass without reply—various English admirers of Bacon, and amongst them Dr. Whewell, having already carefully read and commented on those very scientific writings of Bacon which Baron Liebig appears to think he has examined for the first time. The paper is, nevertheless, well worth studying—both on its own account, and as bearing Baron Liebig's name. Among the other papers in *Macmillan* are—a singularly emphatic article on the treatment of Bishop Colenso by Convocation; an article on Southern Italy and Neapolitan Brigandage by Signor Aurelio Saffi, whose views on this subject are authenticated by the fact that he is one of the Italian deputies who have been acting as commissioners of inquiry into Neapolitan brigandage on the part of the Italian government; and another sprightly letter of Indian gossip and information from a writer signing himself "A Competition Wallah." In the present instalment of Mr. Ruffini's exquisitely-written story of "Vincenzo," the stag is brought to bay—in other words, the aggrieved young husband speaks his mind to the priest, breaks in despair from his obstinate and priest-led young wife, and asserts his independence.

In the *Victoria* "The Humour of Various Nations" is the opening subject—well handled by Miss Cobbe, with not a few amusing examples of English, Irish, Scotch, and other witticisms interspersed. For such an article, however, we should have liked more care in seeing that the specimens were not jumbled. Witticisms here set down as Irish we have heard long ago credited to quite a different origin; and, indeed, most of the jokes seem to have been quoted from Miss Cobbe's memory, without much trouble of authentication. Nor are her discriminations of national peculiarities of intellect so exact or clear as we should have expected from her. Her aim seems to have been to make an amusing article, and little more; and hence it is not so amusing as if she had meant to do more. In the same number Mr. Hare has an article on "Charitable Uses of the Public Revenue," à propos of Mr. Gladstone's recent motion respecting public charities; Mr. Nassau Senior prints some extracts from "A Journal kept in Egypt;" and Mr. Tom Taylor has an article on "The Great Actors of 1775." By the bye, does Mr. Taylor know that the will of the comedian Thomas Weston, which he quotes as a literary oddity, looks very like a "crib" from the will drawn up by Thomas Chatterton at Bristol, when he first intended or threatened to commit suicide before coming to London? Perhaps, however, there was a formula of such satirical wills which both Chatterton and Weston used.

In *Blackwood*, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's discourse on "Posthumous Reputation"—forming Part XVII. of his "Caxtoniana"—will be first read; but perhaps the most interesting paper for the moment is "Under the Limes: Pen-and-Ink Photographs from Berlin." The writer sketches M. Von Bismarck, Grabow, Bockum Dolfs, Waldesk, Vincke, Professor Virchow, Gneist, Sybel, and others of the leading Prussian politicians. Mrs. Oliphant continues her "Chronicles of Carlingford;" and there is a characteristic *Blackwood* paper on "The State and Prospects of the Church of England," which may be contrasted with that in *Fraser* the other month.

THE July number of *The Museum: a Quarterly Magazine of Education, Literature, and Science* (James Gordon, Edinburgh) contains, besides a comprehensive digest of educational intelligence and a number of short notices of books of the quarter, eight articles of a substantial nature, more or less connected with education and scholarship. Among these are—a paper on "Sir George Cornewall Lewis," one on "Public Education in Massachusetts," one on "Kepler" by Professor Kelland of Edinburgh, one on "Modes of Organizing Schools," and one giving an account of the peculiar kind of school for young children known as "the Kindergarten." There is also, under the title of "The Exploits and Death of Patroclus," a long specimen of a blank verse translation of the "Iliad," by Mr. D'Arcy W. Thomson.

In the July number of *Temple Bar* there is an amusing account of the difficulties experienced by an Englishman who sought to "pick up" French in the French metropolis. He ultimately comes to the conclusion that to have some acquaintance at least with the ordinarily detested grammar is useful before visiting a foreign land. There is also a short paper entitled "Forty per Cent," signifying that, of the children born in England and Wales, forty per cent. die before they are one year old. The writer thinks that it is the duty of the nation to attend to the matter. The stirring tales of the periodical, and Mr. Sala's characteristic contributions, remain its chief attraction.

AMONGST papers of greater or less interest in the *St. James's Magazine* is one on the "Searches for the Source of the Nile," detailing the discoveries that have been made in more modern times, and giving as exact an account as is at present possible of the achievements of Captains Speke and Grant. Mr. R. Williams Buchanan contributes a poem in thirty-one stanzas, called "John Keats in Cloudland."

THE first number of *The Border Magazine*, a new shilling magazine published by W. P. Nimmo of Edinburgh, says in its address to its readers:—"We offer our pages as neutral territory—as the current media of reciprocal communication to the antiquary, naturalist, and literary aspirant, whether resident on the English or Scottish border." Archaeology, we are promised, will receive particular attention. The lovers of natural history and travellers will also find their tastes consulted. Several unpublished letters of Sir W. Scott, together with descriptions of what may be regarded as fixtures in the dwelling of this "chivalrous hero of romance," are to form matter for a series of sketches.

THE *Eclectic Review* contains but five articles—one, entitled "A Modern Quaker Apostle," being a review of the life and labours of Stephen Grellet; a paper on Adam Oehlenschläger; one on "M. Saisset on Pantheism;" one on "Lacordaire;" and, under the title "Our Book-Club," a notice of two books.

THE *National Magazine* contains the continuation of "The White Gauntlet," by Captain Mayne Reed. There is a short paper upon "Comparative Beauty," with plates illustrating Plainness, Pure and Simple, Plainness with Expression, and Plainness with Expression and Intellect; and there is a brief article on "Our Wayside Poets," discussing David Wingate and John Harris.

THE *Sixpenny Magazine* is filled with popular tales—the beginning of "The Smuggler Chief," by Gustave Aimard; "Lady Lorme;" two new tales, and the continuation of another, "Sackville Chase;" a sporting novel, &c. "A Trip to Denmark" is continued; and "Parlour Occupations," at the request of lady readers, is resumed.

Young *England*, for July (Tweedie), contains a museum of mysteries of information for boys and girls. In the illustrations are represented a varied selection of zoological specimens. There is an article on Captain Speke and the Nile; there is a page of instruction in swimming, &c.

IN the *Boy's Own Magazine* of this month the Rev. J. G. Wood gives a paper on "Insect Breeding," which will enable young entomologists to furnish themselves with more perfect specimens of lepidoptera than they can procure out of doors by the net, at the same time that it enables them to watch in all its stages the curious process of insect transformation. With the present number this popular magazine commences its second volume.

THE *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* continues its pleasant gossip "Concerning Precious Stones," in which the writer brings together many interesting facts from old books and other long-forgotten sources.

THE READER.

4 JULY, 1863.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

- ABRAHALL** (John Hoskyns, M.A.) *Verselets, Latin and English.* Fcap. 8vo., pp. 130. *Longman.* 4s. 6d.
- ARCHERY, FENCING, AND BROADSWORD.** By "Stonehenge" and the Rev. J. G. Wood. With Illustrations. (*Routledge's Sixpenny Hawkbooks.*) 18mo., bds., pp. 91. *Routledge.* 6d.
- BARTER** (William G. T.) *Life, Law, and Literature. Essays on various Subjects.* Fcap. 8vo., pp. viii—230. *Bell and Daldy.* 5s.
- BEATTIE** (George), of Montrose, a Poet, a Humorist, and a Man of Genius. By A. S. Mt Cyrus, M.A. Post 8vo., pp. viii—300. Edinburgh: *Nimmo Simpkin.* 4s.
- BLISSARD** (Rev. W., B.A.) *The Moral Influences of Religious Worship.* Cr. 8vo., bds., pp. xiv—75. *Macmillan.* 2s.
- BRAITHWAITE** (W. and James M.D.) *Commentary on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children, for the last half-year, with the Opinions of the best writers on the Subject. (Reprinted from "Braithwaite's Retrospect.") Vol. 47, January—June, 1863.* Post 8vo., sd., pp. xxv—100. *Simpkin.* 2s. 6d.
- BRITISH CONTROVERSIALIST** (The), and *Literary Magazine;* devoted to the Impartial and Deliberate Discussion of Important Questions in Religion, Philosophy, History, Politics, &c., &c., and to the Promotion of Self-culture and General Education. 1863. Vol. 1. Cr. 8vo., pp. vi—476. *Houlston.* 3s. 6d.
- BROWNING** (Robert). *Poetical Works. Vol. 2. Tragedies and other Plays.* Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo., pp. 605. *Chapman and Hall.* 8s.
- CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.** Vol. 19. January—June, 1863. Sup. roy. 8vo., pp. 416. *Chambers.* 4s. 6d.
- CHARLESWORTH** (Maria Louisa). *Sunday Afternoons in the Nursery; or, Familiar Narratives from the Book of Genesis. With Illustrations.* Seventh Thousand. Roy. 16mo., pp. 192. *Seeley.* 2s. 6d.; plates, coloured, 4s. 6d.
- CHRONICLES AND MEMORIALS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.** Year-Books of the Reign of King Edward the First. Edited and translated by A. J. Horwood. Roy. 8vo., hf.-bd. *Longman.* 10s.
- CLOSE** (J.) *Tales and Legends of Westmoreland: containing Appleby Castle in the Olden Times; Manners and Customs; Superstitions on Witchcraft, &c., &c.* Edited by Titus Stubbs, Esq. Roy. 8vo., sd., pp. xvi—144. *Author.* 2s. 6d.
- COBBETT** (William). *Legacy to Lords: being Six Lectures on the History of Taxation and Debt in England. To which is subjoined a Scheme of Substitution for Taxes.* Fcap. 8vo. *Tresidder.* 3s.
- COXE** (Archdeacon). *Free Inquiry, its Claims and Tendencies: a Charge addressed to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lindisfarne.* 8vo. *Rivingtons.* 1s.
- DAUBENY** (C., M.D., F.R.S.) *Climate: an Inquiry into the Causes of its Differences and into its Influence on Vegetable Life.* Comprising the substance of Four Lectures delivered before the Natural History Society, at the Museum, Torquay, in February 1863. 8vo., pp. vi—145. *J. H. and J. Parker.* 4s.
- DINGLE** (Rev. J., M.A., F.A.S.L.) *The Harmony of Revelation and Science. A Series of Essays on Theological Questions of the Day.* Cr. 8vo., pp. xii—212. Cambridge: *Deighton, Bell, & Co. Bell and Daldy.* 6s.
- DISRAELI** (Isaac). *Amenities of Literature; consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature.* Edited by his Son, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli. New Edition. Vol. 1. Post 8vo., pp. viii—368. *Routledge.* 3s. 6d.
- DRAPER** (John William M.D., LL.D.) *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.* Royal 8vo., pp. xii—631. *Low.* 21s.
- DUNCOMBE** (Hon. and Very Rev. Dr.) *Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, May 21, 1863, at the 209th Anniversary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy.* 8vo. *Rivingtons.* 1s.
- ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN** ("Family Herald" Handy Book. No. 6.) 18mo., sd., pp. 64. *Blake.* 3d.
- EXPOSURE** (An) of the "Record" Newspaper in its treatment of "Good Words." Reprinted from the "Patriot." 12mo., sd., pp. 38. *Simpkin.* 4d.
- FALSE POSITIONS**: or, Sketches of Character. Two Vols. Post 8vo., pp. 591. *Chapman and Hall.* 21s.
- FOOTPRINTS OF THE HOLY DEAD:** Translations from the German. By A. M. Cr. 8vo., pp. xii—195. *Macintosh.* 6s. 6d.
- GREGORY** (Rev. J. G., M.A.) *Earth's Eventide and the Bright Dawn of the Eternal Day.* Cr. 8vo., pp. 271. Ventnor: *Moor.* Nisbet. 4s. 6d.
- GULLY** (James Manby, M.D.) *Guide to Domestic Hydrotherapeia. The Water Cure in Acute Disease.* Fcap. 8vo., sd., pp. xv—283. *Simpkin.* 2s. 6d.
- HALE** (Archdeacon). *The Duty of the Archdeacons as respects the Visitation of Parishes, in order to the repair of Chancels and Glebe Houses, considered in an Address to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of London.* 8vo. *Rivingtons.* 6d.
- HALL** (Dr. Spencer T.) *Days in Derbyshire. With Illustrations.* Post 8vo., pp. viii—292. Derby: *Keene.* *Simpkin.* 3s. 6d.
- HANNETT** (John). *Forest of Arden, its Towns, Villages and Hamlets: a Topographical and Historical Account of the District between and around Henley-in-Arden and Hampton-in-Arden, in the County of Warwick. Illustrated with numerous engravings and map.* Cr. 8vo., pp. xvi—320. *Simpkin.* 12s.
- HASKOLL** (W. Davis). *Railways in the East, and generally in High Thermometrical Regions, &c.* Two Vols. Imp. 8vo. *Atchley.* 63s.
- HOARE** (Rev. Wm. H.) *Letter to Bishop Colenso.* Fourth Edition, revised. With further Reply on the Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch. 8vo. *Rivingtons.* 2s. 6d.
- HOOK** (Walter Farquhar, D.D., F.R.S.) *Last Days of Our Lord's Ministry: a Course of Lectures on the principal events of Passion Week.* New Edition. Fcap. 8vo., pp. viii—307. *Bell and Daldy.* 3s. 6d.
- HOWE** (John). *Works.* Edited by Henry Rogers, Esq. Volume 6. Containing Funeral Sermons, Spademan's Sermon for Howe, and Index to the entire Works. 8vo. *Religious Tract Society.* 5s.
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THE READER.

4 JULY, 1863.

MISCELLANEA.

PRINCE ALFRED has had the Knighthood of the Garter conferred upon him by her Majesty without the performance of the usual formalities.

SIR CHARLES LYELL has received the Prussian Order of Merit in Science and Art.

THE Distribution of Prizes in the faculty of Arts and Laws of University College, London, took place on Wednesday afternoon—the Right Hon. Robert Lowe presiding. After the distribution, Mr. Lowe made an excellent address to the students and others present, offering some remarks in particular on the intellectual evils apt to arise from too exclusive a cultivation of mathematics on the one hand, and of classical learning on the other. An interesting incident of the meeting was the affectionate leave-taking by Professor F. W. Newman of his colleagues and the students, after a connexion of many years with the College as its distinguished Professor of Latin. Professor Seeley, the successor of Professor Newman in the Latin chair, will begin his duties in the next session of the College, which meets in October.

We are informed that the Committee appointed by the British Association to bring the importance of fog-signals before the legislature have, within the last few days, sent in a memorial, in which a series of experiments is especially recommended to the Board of Trade. The Committee consists of Drs. Robinson and Gladstone, and Professors Wheatstone and Hennessey. This should be good news for all interested in navigation.

IN the preface to Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s "Cambridge Shakespeare" the editors acknowledge their obligations to Mr. John Bullock, who has furnished them with valuable critical and literary notes. The *Publishers' Circular* says:—"Mr. Bullock is, we believe, a mechanic—a brass-finisher in Aberdeen—who has devoted his leisure to the study of English literature, for which, though still following his manual labour, he has obtained in his own locality a considerable reputation."

THE July number of Mr. Lovel Reeve's "Portraits of Men of Eminence in Literature, Science, and Art" contains lifelike photographs by Mr. Ernest Edwards of Mr. Thackeray, Sir Roderick Murchison, and David Roberts, R.A. The first number of the work was published in June, and contains photographs of Earl Stanhope, Sir Charles Lyell, and John H. Foley, R.A. The letter-press is very carefully compiled.

THE Shakespeare Ter-centenary Monument Committee have added the name of M. Guizot to the list of their Provisional Committee, and, amongst actors, those of Messrs. W. C. Macready, C. Fechter, S. Phelps, J. B. Buckstone, B. Webster, A. Wigan, H. Marston, and W. Creswick. Earl de Grey and Ripon heads the list.

THE *North British Review* is again about to change hands—Messrs. Clark having parted with their interest in it to Messrs. Edmonstone and Douglas, by whom it will in future be published.

MR. BROWN, who some time since retired from the firm of Longman & Co. of Paternoster Row, has given £1000 for a stained-glass window in St. Paul's Cathedral.

IT was stated some time ago in *The American Publishers' Circular* that Mr. Spurgeon receives about £1000 annually from America for the reprint of his sermons. Mr. Spurgeon now contradicts this assertion, saying he would feel "mighty obliged" if said publishers would only send him a thousand pence per annum.

IN an article in the July number of the *Victoria Magazine* on "The Influence of University Degrees on the Education of Women" we find this statement:—"The holding of degrees by women is not without precedent. In the Italian Universities and in that of Göttingen, women have held high positions. Towards the end of the last century a female physician graduated at Montpellier. In 1861, the degree of "Bachelor in Letters" was conferred on Mdlle. Daubié by the Academy of Lyons, and within the last few months another French lady, Mdlle. Chenu, passed her examination for the degree of "Bachelor in Science" at the University of the Sorbonne. It appears not unreasonable to hope that, before many years have elapsed, Englishwomen will be placed in a not less favourable position than their continental neighbours, and that whatever advantages may belong to University examinations and degrees will be thrown freely open to them."

THE number of persons admitted to the Crystal Palace for the six days ending Friday, June 26th, was 28,902; and on Saturday, the first great rose-show of the year, 12,369, of whom 6849 were

season-ticket holders, visited the building. The long drought of the early spring, and the strong winds and cold showers which ushered in the summer, led one naturally to expect but a moderate display; and most agreeable was it, therefore, to find the great masses of blooms in the highest state of perfection, though they had evidently been reared in the house, and not in the garden. The show attracted the most brilliant assemblage of persons to Norwood which has been gathered there since the commencement of the present season.

OUR contemporary *The Times* said, in its account of the Guards' Ball at the Exhibition building on yesterday week, that the *Flaxman* shield was lent by the Duke of Wellington for the occasion. This unintentional error has caused some persons to imagine two shields to have been presented to the Iron Duke instead of one, as it is notorious from the engravings and lithographs of it that the gold shield presented by the merchants and bankers of London to the duke was designed by Thomas Stothard, R.A., before the battle of Waterloo, to commemorate the victories of the British army in the Peninsula.

MOST of our readers will recollect the cork model of Lincoln Cathedral exhibited by Mr. Anderton in the International Exhibition last year. That model led to many presents being made to Mr. Anderton, who, with the proceeds, has erected several houses in Lincoln, with the inscription in front, "Perseverance, Cork, and Gloucester—1862."

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley is about to publish a volume of "Sermons on the Pentateuch."

MR. FROUDE'S "History of England under Elizabeth," in two volumes, is preparing for publication.

THE third and fourth volumes of the late Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy and England" are now in the press.

MESSRS. LONGMAN & CO.'S list of publications for July contains, in addition to the works already announced in THE READER, the second part of Professor Twiss's "Law of Nations considered as Independent Political Communities," which will be devoted to "The Right and Duties of Nations in Time of War;" Mr. Ball's "Guide to the Western Alps;" and, for home tourists, the Rev. C. A. Johns's "Home Walks and Holiday Rambles." Mr. Hoskyns-Abrahall's "Raspberry Moon," a descriptive poem of a July among the woods and waters of the Red Man, will not appear till the autumn, till which time, too, is put off the publication of Sir Emmerson Tennent's "Story of the Guns."

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD AND SONS announce in large characters in the current number of their magazine "Captain Speke's Account of Travels and Discoveries in Eastern and Central Africa by himself and Captain Grant." The book will be illustrated from drawings and sketches made on the spot, some of which were exhibited at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in June. They have nearly ready, "Tara: a Mahratta Tale, 1657," by Colonel Meadows Taylor, author of "Confessions of a Thug."

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT will publish during July—"Mary Lyndsay," a novel in three volumes, by Lady Emily Ponsonby; "Vicissitudes of a Gentlewoman;" and "Three Lives in One"—each regular three-volume novel.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & CO. will publish on Monday next Miss Evans's novel of "Romola, by George Eliot," in three volumes; the quaint old scenes of Italian life will be read with far greater interest in this collected shape than as formerly scattered through the numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*. At the same time they will issue in two volumes, 8vo., with six portraits, "Queens of Song: being Memoirs of some of the most celebrated Female Vocalists who have appeared on the Lyric Stage from the earliest days of the Opera to the present time," by Ellen Creathorne Clayton, who has added a chronological list of all the operas that have been performed in Europe.

MISS BEWICK has just issued, through the agency of Messrs. Longman & Co., "A Memoir of Thomas Bewick, written by Himself." The work is embellished with numerous unpublished wood-engravings.

MR. ALFRED W. BENNETT of Bishopsgate Street, who is availing himself to a considerable extent of the use of photography as a medium for landscape illustrations of our descriptive poets, has just issued the "Bijou Photographic Album," containing twenty-four photographs of the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake," most admirably executed by Thomas Ogle in *carte de visite* size, and elegantly bound in morocco or in gilt cloth. It is a pretty gift-book, and one that is sure to be

appreciated. Mr. Bennett has also published the poem itself in small quarto, with fourteen photographs by the same artist, and a view of the poet's tomb at Dryburgh Abbey by G. W. Wilson. From that charming book, "Ruined Castles and Abbeys of Great Britain," by William and Mary Howitt, for the benefit of summer tourists he has struck off separately "The Wye: its Abbeys and Castles," with six photographs by Bedford and Sedgfield.

It has now become rather a common custom for publishers, in sending about to the press copies of popular new books, to send also separately-printed sheets of headed extracts or tit-bits from these books, fit for quotation. A newspaper, receiving such a printed sheet, may, without taking the trouble to have the book itself read, or even dipped into, clip out one of the tit-bits so marked and labelled by the publisher, and reprint it in its columns. We observe that some of the most respectable magazines have recently adopted this custom—sending round extracts from themselves of convenient size, duly headed with titles, and quoted from the so-and-so magazine of such and such a month, so that editors and sub-editors, in search of padding, may be tempted to use them. Probably there is nothing really wrong in such a custom. It is only a new development of the advertising system. A few bricks are sent round as specimens of the new house. It is virtually said to the editor or sub-editor, "We know you have no time to read the volume itself, or to form an opinion of it; but here are a few little bits from it; if you find it convenient to quote one of them, we shall be much obliged to you; and this will not commit you to any opinion." There is no harm in this, any more than in selling goods by *gratis* samples. We are not sure, however, but it may interfere with criticism. A critic who makes extracts ought to select what strikes *himself* in a book; and even that low kind of criticism which consists in mere book-tasting may cease to be trustworthy book-tasting, if bits are provided for the critic, already cut out for him. To be sure, this may be said in defence—that, whether the critic uses the tasting-scoop himself, or has bits placed before him without that trouble, the bits are equally out of the same cheese. But what if even this certainty were to cease, and the critic should have to take the trouble of verifying the extracts, to see that they did represent the cheese?

IN the church of Mount Aboo, in India, there has lately been erected a tablet to the memory of the gallant Sir Henry Lawrence, with the following inscription:—"As a gallant soldier, distinguished statesman, and a true Christian philanthropist, his memory needs no record. He was a warm friend to the British soldier, for whose orphans and children in India he founded schools at Sunawar and Mount Aboo. Like institutions at Muree and Ootacamund have been raised to his memory by private subscription. In his last hour he dictated this epitaph: 'HERE LIES HENRY LAWRENCE, WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.'

THE *Annuaire Diplomatique de l'Empire Français pour l'Année 1863*, which makes its annual appearance towards the close of June, contains this year, by way of insertion, four leaves headed—"Corps Législatif: Élections des 31 Mai et 1er Juin, et des 14 et 15 Juin, 1863. Liste Alphabetique de MM. les Députés élus." The members now first returned have a large asterisk appended to their names.

FRENCH papers announce that M. de Lamartine is about to publish his memoirs. It is to be hoped they will be of a less novelistic nature than the "Histoire des Girondins."

MADAME RATAZZI, *ci-devant* "Marie de Solms," has published, under her present name, "Madame Urbain Ratazzi," a collection of tales, which are pronounced to be little gems in their way; more especially are the village sketches—under the titles "Mademoiselle Million," "L'Amour Perdu," "Reminiscences of Brittany"—highly spoken of.

IN the Department of Allier, near the railway-station of Saint Germain le Pays, between La Palisse and St. Germain des Fossés, the ruins of a splendid Roman villa of the time of Augustus, with mosaic floors and magnificent frescoes, have been discovered; and further excavations are being carried on most vigorously.

AN international exhibition of paintings and sculpture will take place at Brussels from the 1st of August to the 30th of September next.

THE Belgian Statistic Xaver Heuschling has written a book under the title "La Noblesse artiste et lettrée," on the part actively taken by the aristocracy in literature and art.

THE latest step taken in the matter of the Arminius monument, to be erected near the spot where the Germans routed Varus (?), is the order

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issued by the Committee to Mr. von Mandel, the sculptor, to proceed with the head, the right hand, and the sword of the Liberator, until the collections, set on foot some fifteen years ago, shall allow the completion of the whole work. It is gratifying to learn that the boots, the thumbs, the wings of the helmet, &c., have been ready a long time. Works are being erected between Brunswick and Hanover, where Mr. von Bandel will soon be busy with his task.

We hear of the election of Wilhelm Hofmeister, a Leipzig music-seller, to the Professorship of Botany and the Directorship of the Botanical Gardens of the University of Heidelberg. He has long been known as one of the first naturalists in Germany.

As a Supplement to Humboldt's "Cosmos," a "Correspondence between Humboldt and Heinrich Berghaus in the Years 1825-58" is announced.

A RAUCH-MUSEUM, containing remnants and reminiscences of the famous sculptor, has been opened at Berlin.

THE Roman Catholic clergy in Bavaria—among whom the movement of growing a full beard, as was usual in former centuries, has lately begun to spread—has, through the Roman Nuncio in Munich, received the following intimation from Rome:—"It has come to the ears of the Pope that there are clergymen in some of the Dioceses in Bavaria who, led by the spirit of innovation, or rather thoughtlessness, wish to introduce again the antiquated custom of growing the beard, and who, by their example, wish to induce others to do likewise. Whatever might be said with respect to former centuries, it is perfectly well-known that the modern church-discipline disapproves of this custom; and, if such an innovation were to be allowed, this could only be done by the Supreme Pontiff of the Church. The latter, however, is all the more unwilling to permit the same innovation, as in these sad times but too many were led astray by new things, as one innovation brought on another very easily. The Authorities of the Dioceses are commanded, not only to see that these beards are forthwith removed, but also that the Unity of Rule and the complete Identity within the Roman Church with respect to dress and shaving are not broken again."

Two new theatres are being built simultaneously at Milan, the one in the Via del Giardino, which is to be called Ristori's Theatre; the other near the Porto Ticinese, dedicated to the memory of Gustavo Modena.

THE New Yorker Handels-Zeitung contains the following:—"We need not be surprised at the vast number of letters annually coming from Germany, which are returned thither through the Dead Letter Office, if we cast a look at the following collection of directions, communicated to us by a post-officer. We have only to add that these are by no means exceptional directions, but that they were copied from a comparatively small number of German letters:—*Tubilef hat di Jeneral Post-Hoffes* for To be left at the General Post Office; *Blackrakden, Ehre Kande* for Black Rock, Erie County; *Diestrick Hemstett, Keelkauten* for District Hemstead, Queen's County; *Leinz, Vein Canton*, for Lyons, Wayne County; *Liefer Boll, bei Seragus, Aue Dake Counti*, for Liverpool, Syracuse, Onondaga County; *Starckwill, Haekemaer Kanto, Newjorker Staat*, for Starckwill, Herkimer County, State of New York; *Westsentleik, Rertzler Cy*, for West Sandlake; Rensselaer, Co.; *Dschimäka, or Schumaeken*, for Jamaica; *Nuttanglang Eiland* for New Town, Long Island; *Bostoffs Scherle, Irikante*, for Post Office, Shirley, Erie County; *Sechsen, Drenetekirch, Brodweg*, for Sexton, Trinity Church, Broadway; *Thiri Ocks* for Three Oaks; *Eisack Livei* for Isaac Levi; *Elias Abbet Str.* for Elizabeth Str.; *Haus Dun Str.*, for Housdon Str., &c., &c.

MR. C. GREEN, the publisher of the *Smyrna Mail*, published in English at Smyrna every Tuesday, has just issued, in English, a "Guide to Ephesus, with a Plan," by Hyde Clarke; and a "Portfolio of Asia Minor, Smyrna, Ephesus, &c." He announces "Photographic Illustrations of Ephesus," by A. Suoboda. Madame Dora d'Istria's "Excursions en Roumérie et en Morée" have just been published, in two volumes octavo, at Zurich.

In speaking of the extension line of the Ottoman Railway between Ephesus and Aidan, the *Smyrna Mail* of the 2nd ult. says—"The present Sultan, although reputed as of great learning—that is, learned in the Koran—is, at the same time, very far removed from the bigoted school of Mussulmans who fold their arms and shut their eyes to the progress of the world about them. He is evidently not a man whose energies are para-

lyzed by a deadening fatalism; he has the good sense to appreciate the means by which European nations have progressed in commercial industry, and the development of the natural resources of the countries of the west; and his recent acts have shown that he is prepared to welcome the new era which appears to dawn upon his Asiatic possessions." The same paper records a new phase of danger from locusts hitherto unimagined. It says:—"We continue to receive alarming accounts of the ravages committed by the locusts. The swarms have in many cases lodged on the Ottoman Railway and compelled the engine-drivers to proceed with great caution. The locusts, on being crushed by the engine on the rails, make them excessively greasy and slippery, so that the wheels will scarcely bite. The consequence is some degree of danger, and sand has to be dropped on the rails to give the wheels a hold. Several trains from Ephesus have been considerably behind time through the locusts taking possession of the line."

THE second session of the Brussels International Association for the Promotion of Social Science is to be held at Ghent, from Monday, September 14th, to Saturday, September 19th, next. A letter from M. Corr Vander Maeren of Brussels to G. W. Hastings, Esq., General Secretary to the British National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, says—"The National Association of England will, I am sure, give all due support to her cosmopolitan offspring; and I will vouch that the Brussels International Association will not prove ungrateful to her English parent. The ancient city of Ghent is actively preparing a series of fêtes for the occasion, which promises to surpass, in historical exhibitions, anything hitherto attempted of the sort; together with a display of the proverbial ancient hospitality of the opulent city of Charles Quint. I have received from the council of our association the special mission to correspond with the English members in reference to the meeting at Ghent. I should be happy to respond to any inquiries which may be addressed to the general secretary or to myself upon the subject of the meeting." From a programme of the proceedings we learn that the following questions, among others, are proposed for discussion:—Sect. I. *Comparative Legislation*. Can capital punishment be abolished or restricted? Within what limits should the rights of visit, capture, and blockade, in time of war, be restricted, in order to reconcile the interests of belligerents with those of neutrals? Sect. II. *Education*. Ought the State to interfere in education? What is the influence upon education of prefixed courses and competitive examinations? Ought the State to subject the exercise of the liberal professions to special guarantees? Sect. III. *Arts and Literature*. Do not the study of foreign languages, and the numerous translations of literary works, tend to weaken the originality of different literatures? if so, what results have been already produced, and what consequences may be foreseen? Sect. IV. *Charity and Public Health*. What are the improvements recently made in the dwellings of the working-classes, both in towns and in rural districts? What are the best means of extending these improvements? Does public health demand the extension of the circle of affinity within which, in most European countries, marriage is prohibited? Sect. V. *Political Economy*. Are customs duties, in the double point of view of protection and taxation, compatible with the principle of free trade? What are the future prospects of the cotton manufacture in Europe, with regard to the circumstances which affect the supply of the raw material? What are the results of the co-operative societies established in different countries, especially in England and Germany, for labour, credit, and consumption?

SCIENCE.

MR. GLAISHER'S LAST BALLOON ASCENT.

MR. GLAISHER has again been busy in mid-air; and his last ascent—not altogether unaccompanied by danger—must rank amongst the most interesting ones that have yet been made. The balloon this time started from Wolverton, a place made most convenient by the praiseworthy liberality and love for scientific progress shown by the Directors of the London and North Western Railway Company, and doubly interesting to Mr. Glaisher himself, as the energetic and intelligent population of the great factory established there, are, at this present time, providing for themselves an Institute of Science and Art, which promises to be a model of such institutions

for working-men. Owing to somewhat boisterous weather at starting, and an insufficiency of gas, the usual quantity of ballast was not taken up, a want afterwards severely felt, as we shall see.

Mr. Glaisher's account of his observations runs as follows:—"We left the earth at 1h. 3m. p.m.; at 1h. 9m. we were at the height of 2000 feet; at 1h. 15m. we passed above 8000 feet; a height of 11,000 feet was reached at 1h. 17m.; in nine minutes afterwards we were 15,000 feet from the earth, and rose gradually to about 4 miles at 1h. 55m.; on descending at 2h. we were 20,000 feet from the earth; at 2h. 13m. about 15,000; at 2h. 17m. 10,000; at 2h. 22m. 5000; and on the ground 2h. 28m. Before starting, the temperature of the air was 66 deg. It decreased rapidly on leaving the earth; it was 54 deg. at 3000 feet high, 49 deg. at 4000 feet, 41 deg. at one mile, 30 deg. at two miles; and, up to this time, every succeeding reading was less than the preceding. But here the decrease was checked; and, while passing from two to three miles, the temperature at first increased to 32 deg., then decreased to 29 deg. A second increase followed, and at the height of three and a quarter miles the temperature was 35 deg. A rapid decrease then set in, and at three and a half miles the temperature was 22 deg. From this time till the height of four miles was reached, the temperature varied frequently between 22 deg. and 18 deg., and at the height of four and a quarter miles, the lowest temperature took place—viz., 17 deg. On descending, the temperature increased to 26 deg. at the height of 23,000 feet, and then to 32 deg. at the height of four miles; it then decreased 9 deg. in 1 min. to 23 deg. It continued at this value for some time, then increased slowly to 29 deg. at 19,000 feet. It continued almost constant for a space of 2000 feet, then increased to 32 deg. at 15,000 feet; and was 32 deg. or 33 deg., almost without variation, during the snow-storm which we experienced from 13,500 feet to 10,000 feet, where an increase set in; at 5000 feet the temperature was 41 deg., and 66 deg. on the ground. We reached some clouds at 1h. 9m. At 1h. 16m. we saw a very faint sun, and expected as usual its brilliancy would increase, and that we should soon break into a clear sky.

At this time we heard the sighing of the wind, or rather moaning, as preceding a storm; and this continued for some time, and is the first instance on which either Mr. Coxwell or myself have heard such a sound at the height of two miles. It was not owing to any movement of the cordage above, but seemed to be below, as from conflicting currents beneath.

At 1h. 17m. some fine rain fell. At 1h. 17m. we could just see a river; a few seconds after we entered a cloud. At 1h. 19m. we could just see the earth and the sun, but both very faintly. At 1h. 25m. we were again enveloped in dry fog. At 1h. 29m. there were faint gleams of light for a short time, and then all was closed up again. At 1h. 35m. the fog was wetting. At 1h. 37m. we entered dry fog. At 1h. 40m. the sun was just visible, but for the most part cut off by the balloon. At 1h. 41m. we were again in fog, which continued more or less prevalent till 1h. 53m., when we passed above four miles. At the highest point reached, about 4 miles, the sky was very much covered with cirrus clouds; the sky, as seen between the clouds, was of a very faint blue, as seen from below through a very moist atmosphere. We were above clouds, but there were no fine views or forms; all was confused and dirty-looking, no bright shiny surfaces or anything picturesque, and the view was exceedingly limited, owing to the thick and murky atmosphere. At 2h. 3m. we lost even the faint sun and re-entered fog, and experienced a decline of temperature of 9 deg. in little more than a minute. At 2h. 6m. there were faint gleams of light. Fog was both above and below, but none near us. At 2h. 7m. large drops of water fell from the balloon, covering my note-book; the next minute we were enveloped in fog, which became very thin at 2h. 14m. At 2h. 14m. rain was pattering on the balloon. This was shortly succeeded by snow, and for a space of 4000 feet we passed through a snow-storm. There were many spiculae and cross spiculae, with snow crystals, small in size, but distinct; there were few if any flakes. As we descended the snow seemed to rise above us." At 2h. 17m. the region of snow was passed, and the state of the lower atmosphere was observed to be most remarkable. Neither Mr. Coxwell nor Mr. Glaisher had ever seen it so murky; it was of a brownish-yellowish tinge, and remarkably dull.

The sand was exhausted when they were still a mile from the earth. The balloon—under these circumstances simply a "falling body"—came to earth

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rather rapidly, and in the rough descent some of the instruments were broken; among others a new mercurial barometer, one foot less in length than the ordinary instruments, and intended only for observations at high altitudes.

Mr. Glaisher took up Herschel's actinometer, and once only at four miles high got the sun to shine on it, during which time the reading increased nine divisions only in one minute, whilst on the ground Dr. Lee and himself, at eleven o'clock in the morning, had determined the increase of thirty-three divisions in one minute. This instrument he hopes to be able to use at great heights on future occasions.

At the height of three miles a train was heard, and at four miles another. These heights are the greatest at which sounds have ever been detected, and indicate the generally moist state of the atmosphere. Before quite reaching the highest point, portions of the blue sky were examined with a small spectroscope—one of Janssen's, we presume—procured from Paris, which could readily be used anywhere; and the spectrum was seen just as from the earth, under the same circumstances. Owing to the thick atmosphere and large amount of vapour, Mr. Glaisher was unable to make any use of the camera kindly provided by Mr. Melhuish, with plates specially prepared by Mr. Norris of Birmingham.

Mr. Glaisher concludes:—"This ascent must rank amongst the most extraordinary ever made. The results were most unexpected. We met with at least three distinct layers of cloud on ascending, of different thicknesses, reaching up to four miles high, when here the atmosphere, instead of being light and clear as it has always been in preceding ascents, was thick and misty; but perhaps the most extraordinary and unexpected result in the month of June was meeting with snow and crystals of ice in the atmosphere at the height of three miles, and of nearly one mile in thickness."

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

HERR ENGELMANN has communicated an ephemeris of the second comet of this year to the *Astronomische Nachrichten*. We extract the places for every 5th day at Berlin noon:—

July 5	R. A.	10 ^h	58 ^m	1 ^s	Dec.	+ 62° 37' 1"
10		10	59	19		61 30' 4"
15		11	1	18		60 31' 8"
20		11	3	52		59 40' 6"

How utterly impossible is it to exhaust the secrets of nature! A little time ago, when Kirchoff's admirable memoir was made known to us by Professor Roscoe, the detailed map of the lines in the solar spectrum astonished everyone. Not long ago we announced that five lines had been detected between the components of the double line D, which are so close together that the line appears single in most spectroscopes. More lately still, Merz has detected the same number. We will let the following letter from Mr. Rutherford to the editors of *Silliman's Journal* speak for itself:—

My brass prisms, under favourable conditions, perform admirably; with six of them I am confident I have seen the line D composed of nine The three on the right of Kirchoff's central line are not difficult, being readily seen with three prisms of 60° of bisulphide of carbon, and one of 45° of glass (it not being possible to use four of bisulphide, on account of the interference of the telescopes). Of the three in the left compartment, the central one is the most difficult, and all require the best adjustment and light.

The line B is resolved into fourteen fine and close lines, with a beautiful and symmetrical band of finely doubled lines stretching towards A; I think it the most beautiful part of the spectrum. A broad band of fine and close lines adjoins A on the least refrangible side, somewhat resembling the neighbourhood of B; and I am confident that A itself is composed of fine lines.

IT is now some time since we announced that the use of magenta in microscopical investigations seemed destined to lead to some useful results. This hope has since been abundantly realized; and the recently published number of the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* contains an abstract of a paper by Dr. Roberts of the Manchester Royal Infirmary on the peculiar appearances exhibited by blood-corpuscles under its influence, and also under that of tannin. From these it has been rendered evident that the cell-wall of the vertebrate blood-disc does not possess the simplicity of structure usually attributed to it.

When a little human blood—obtained, say, from the finger—was placed on the slide, and mixed with a drop of a watery solution of magenta, the blood-discs speedily lost their natural opacity and yellow colour: they became perfectly transparent, and assumed a faint rose colour, expanding sensibly at the same time and losing their biconcave

figure. In addition to this a dark red speck made its appearance at the same time on some portion of their edge. The pale corpuscles took the colour much more strongly than the red, and their nuclei were displayed with great clearness, dyed of a magnificent carbuncle-red. Many of the nuclei were seen in process of division; in some cells two, three, or even four secondary nuclei being observed. The blood of the horse, pig, ox, sheep, deer, camel, cat, rabbit, and kangaroo was examined by Dr. Roberts with identical results. In the nucleated blood-discs of the oviparous classes—fowls, fish, &c.—analogous effects were noticed: the coloured contents were discharged; the central nucleus came fully into view, assuming at the same time a deep-red colour; the corpuscles expanded, losing something of their oval form, and nearly approaching a circular outline, a dark red macula appearing on the edge as in the mammalian disc. This macula in the mammal blood-disc was clearly situated in the cell-wall, and not in its interior. It usually appeared as if imbedded in the rim like the jewel on a diamond ring; sometimes, however, it occupied various positions on the flat surfaces. Its shape was generally lentillic, occasionally vesicular; sometimes again it was like an excrescence on the disc—more rarely still a thick red line instead of a spot run round the circumference. In the fowl, dace, and minnow it was also easy to bring out these appearances, and when well prepared the specimens were very beautiful: the central nucleus was dyed of the finest red, and on the delicate outline of the cell-wall hung the red parietal macula, offering a not altogether fanciful resemblance to the astronomical figures representing the moon coursing in its orbit round the earth.

At this stage of the investigation, having dyed his specimens, Dr. Roberts wisely resolved to fix the colours, in order that the corpuscles might be washed to get rid of the floating granules which so much interfered with the view in the field of the microscope; but when, with this view, a solution of tannin was added to the dyed blood-discs, to his astonishment, he found that tannin alone produced an even more remarkable effect than magenta.

The blood under its influence at once becomes turbid, and a bright highly refractive bud was thrown out on its surface. This bud was commonly dome-shaped; sometimes a vesicular body could be seen within its outline, and then the effect was eminently curious. In the blood of the frog there was a strong tendency to the indefinite multiplication of the projections, giving the edge of the disc a crenated appearance.

The formation of these singular projections or pullulations on the blood-discs could be watched without difficulty by placing a drop of the tannin solution beneath the covering glass, and permitting a little blood to enter the solution under the microscope. As the blood flows in and mingles with the tannin, the corpuscles were observed to enlarge, and then suddenly, without previous warning, to shoot out the projection: the disc itself suffers not the least disturbance, nor did any visible rupture of the cell-wall take place. The action of tannin did not cease with the production of these buds: the cells and buds, at first elastic, became after some time solid, and could be cracked by pressure like starch granules, the cells sometimes rupturing first, others at the projection.

The bearing of these very interesting observations has thus been summed up:—1. The exact identity of the appearances produced on the blood-discs of the ovipara with those observed in the mammalian corpuscles lends strong support to the view that these corpuscles are homologous, and that the mammalian blood-disc is not the homologue of the nucleus of the coloured corpuscle of the ovipara, as was conceived by Mr. Wharton Jones. 2. The observations likewise lead to the belief that the envelope of the vertebrate blood-disc is a duplicate membrane—in other words, that within the outer covering there exists an interior vesicle, which encloses the coloured contents, and in the ovipara the nucleus.

J. N. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VEGETABLE MORPHOLOGY.

To the Editor of THE READER.

SIR,—In your "Scientific Summary" of last Saturday week, which is commonly the first thing I look at on opening my READER, there is a notice of a paper on Morphology by Mr. Warner, published in the *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia*; and it has occurred to me that you might not be displeased

to learn that in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, Vol. XII., No. 2 (October, 1860) there is a paper on "Vegetable Morphology, its General Principles," where views are advanced which appear to be similar to those of Mr. Warner, and the others whom you name in your very interesting but too short notice. In the paper referred to I have endeavoured to show that the plant-form is a thing of which reason can give an account—that in fact it is determined by these two laws:—

I. The law of continuity (or diffusion between dissimilars on their mutual confines) operating in this case between the rare mobile air and the dense fixed earth, and realized by the vegetable kingdom, which clothes our planet on the mutual confines of the air and the earth, maintaining continuity between them as far as possible—the planet consisting on the one hand (in its combustible parts) of air become dense (carbonic acid, ammonia, vapour), and on the other (in its ash constituents) of earth (lime, silica, potass, &c.) become as aeriform in position and distribution as the nature of these terrene concrete substances admits.

Hence we are able to account for the chemical compositions of plants, and to see the necessity of a supply of ash constituents for the growth of a crop no less than of organic manure, and to understand the ascending and descending system of plants, their spreading and much divided—in a word, their mobile and aerial—structure.

II. The law of the spherical, or of perfect symmetry, in virtue of which I maintain that, in consequence of physical forces adjusted to develop this form (that which, mechanically considered, possesses the greatest number of advantages as the form of an individualized object surrounded by others which react upon it), all individualized objects in nature, from the heavenly bodies to the most minute molecule, tend towards it so far as the type of hereditary form or the conditions of existence will allow; although, as often as the form surpasses microscopic dimension, it succeeds only very partially in consequence of the extreme difficulty of the construction of this form amid so many linear currents and irregularly incident forces.

The living being starts from the solid sphere (ovum, seed, fruit, tuber, bud, &c.)—that is, from the form whose contents is a maximum compared with its exposed surface, and under which therefore a limited portion of living matter can be most safely and happily conserved till the moment arrive when development may take place.

And that development consists in the protrusion of the contents of the solid sphere or spherule, and the *nusus* of the living particles through nutrition to group themselves in the form of the hollow sphere—that form in which precious matter may be spread out to the greatest extent without breach of continuity. The construction of the hollow sphere is, however, easy only when it possesses microscopic dimensions; and here, throughout the whole organic world, the existence of the hollow sphere—the cell—is universal and paramount. When the form becomes large, the spherical superficies (or sphere in the proper sense) appears only in fragments as frond (convex or concave), apothecium, &c., &c.; ultimately as a group of leaves, peltate as a group, or normal to the branch that bears them—the branch (or radius of the hollow sphere) being given by the law of diffusion. The direction of the force of light from above, and of gravitation from beneath, along with that unity of axis which is implied in the organization of an individual that is to live, are the chief modifying circumstances. Still, it is wonderful to what an extent the free individual, from *protococcus* to the forest tree, affects a spherical contour.

JOHN G. MACVICAR, D.D.

Manse, Moffat, Dumfriesshire.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY, June 19th.—THE second part of a paper on the Keltic races of England, by the Rev. J. Davies, rector of Walsoken, was read before the Society, the first part having been read at a former meeting in March. The design of the writer was to determine, by an examination of our provincial or dialectic words, what Keltic races inhabited England at the time of the Anglo-Saxon invasion, and also, approximately, the limits of the territory occupied by each race. We subjoin an abstract of the two papers, which include an examination of the dialects of the east coast, from Essex to Northumberland, and the dialect of Northampton-

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shire, representing the Midland district—the western dialects, represented by the dialect of Lancashire, having been discussed in a former paper by the same writer, and those of the south coast remaining for future examination. The subject is one of importance, as tending to determine the component parts of the English nation, and also to explain the difference between the nature and habits of the English people and those of continental nations belonging to a more purely Teutonic stock. The popular idea is that the Welsh are the descendants of the race which occupied England at the time when it was invaded by Cæsar, and also partly when the Anglo-Saxons conquered the land—the Keltic race being mingled at that time with the remains of the Roman colonists. It is, however, entirely erroneous to suppose that the Welsh ever occupied more than Wales and a part of the north-western counties, though it would seem that they had attained to the possession of a leading authority, like the hegemony of Athens in Greece, over the other Keltic races at an early period. All the Welsh traditions, recorded in the Triads and the early chronicles, attest the fact that *Lloegria* (England) was inhabited by a race distinct from the *Cymry* (Welsh), though descended originally from the same stock. The Anglo-Saxons called all the Keltic races *Wealas*, strangers or foreigners; and this is probably the source of the erroneous idea that the Welsh originally occupied the whole of England. It is a term unknown to the Keltic races as the name of any part of the Keltic stock. The information to be gained from Greek or Roman authors on this subject is extremely scanty and uncertain. The earliest written account of England is in the work "De Mundo," commonly attributed to Aristotle, and certainly written about the fourth century B.C. The name there given to it—*Albion*, interpreted in Welsh records *Yr ynys wen*, the white isle—shows, *pro tanto*, that a Gaelic race first immigrated into the island, probably from the north-east coast of France. Such knowledge as the early Greek geographers had of our island was possibly obtained from the Greek colonists of Marseilles and other settlements in the south of France, who certainly traded with the Keltic races on our southern coasts for metals (especially tin) and hides long before the invasion by Julius Caesar. Numismatists have noticed with surprise that the earliest British coins that bear a stamped impression are debased copies of the coins of Philip and Alexander of Macedon. As the work "De Mundo" must have been written about the time when these princes flourished, we learn by the concurrent testimony of these facts that England must have become known to Greece, and commerce fully established with Greek colonists, about 300 years B.C. The name of Albion, at first given to the whole island, was subsequently applied to the country north of the Humber, and, at a still later period, to Scotland alone. Other names were given to the land, according to Welsh tradition; but, at length, when Prydain, son of Aedd Mawr (Aedd the Great), conquered the country, or reduced its warring races to peace and order, it was called *Ynys Prydain*, the isle of Prydain (Britain). Prydain, the *heros eponymus* of a race that was probably descended from the *Odni* of France, was evidently a Lloegrian chieftain, who added to military skill the wisdom of a statesman—the Numa Pompilius, or rather the Alfred, of Keltic tradition. He was not of the race of the *Cymry* (Welsh), but was probably the leader of the *Hædni*, who inhabited the counties of Somerset and Gloucestershire; and this would account for his name being common in Welsh traditions. He is the type of all that is good and great as a ruler. It might seem from the retreating name of Albion that the Lloegrians had pressed the Gaelic races as far as Scotland: but language does not confirm the supposition. Welsh scholars had pointed out that names of places on the east coast of England, and partly in the south, could not be explained from the Welsh—that they belonged, in fact, to the Gaelic or Irish division of the Keltic languages (the term Gaelic or Irish, from the close affinity of these languages, being philologically of equal import). An examination of dialectic words used in East Anglia shows that the Keltic tribes inhabiting Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk—chiefly the Trinobantes and the Iceni—were not related to the Welsh. They belonged to the earliest immigration, which was of the Gaelic or older division of the Keltic race. The succeeding Lloegrian invasion drove this race both eastwards and westwards, coming as a wedge between the tribes that were gradually pressed on to Ireland on the one side and to East Anglia on the other, some probably remaining as slaves in the conquered territory.

The culminating point of the Gaelic element in our dialectic words is in Lincolnshire, where the Coritani-Fen-men (from Gael *carr*, also *corr*, a marsh, and *tan*, a country) probably found a sure refuge in the almost inaccessible marshes of the land from the Lloegrian attacks. The dialect of Northamptonshire shows that the statement of the Welsh Triads concerning the close relationship of the Cymraic and Lloegrian races is correct. We are evidently in a territory where another race than that of East Anglia ruled, though many words are found which cannot be connected with any roots at present known to the Welsh or Bretons. These may be explained on the supposition that the language of the Lloegrian tribes contained words which had become obsolete in Welsh, though retained in the Gaelic; but, as this non-Cymraic element (the term Welsh or Cymraic being used philologically to express the younger division of the Keltic stock) is perceptibly weaker as we advance westwards, it is reasonable to assume that it may be due in part to a Gaelic element in the population. The dialectic words denote that this race was in a state of servitude; at least, some words which belong to a low kind of service are Gaelic, but others which denote a certain amount of civilization belong to another class. The dialects of Yorkshire and the North of England present results that are interesting both to the philologist and the historian. It is evident from the words now used by the peasantry in the eastern and middle districts of Yorkshire—the ancient seat of the *Brigantes*—that the native race was Gaelic, on which another race, coming from the north, was obtruded on the western side. The large number of Gaelic words now used in the ancient territory of the Brigantes leaves no room for doubt as to their Gaelic affinity; and they are thus brought into a real relationship with the Brigantes of Ireland. The race to the west was that of the modern Welsh (Cymry). Their traditions state that they came to this country over the Hazy Sea (the German Ocean); and by language they may be traced from their primitive landing-place, not far from Aberdeen, along the east coast of Scotland to the Frith of Forth, where they diverged to the west, and founded the Welsh kingdom of Strath Clyde (where Llywarch Hen and many other Welsh bards and heroes were born), pressing the earlier inhabitants to the east and west. Their subsequent course was by the Solway to Cumberland (the land of the Cymry), Lancashire, and Cheshire into Wales—a part of the wave of immigration flowing into the country of France, now called Britanny. The Picts, who occupied chiefly the eastern part of the north of England, and of Scotland as far as the Frith of Forth, were regarded by the writer as belonging to the aboriginal Gaedic race, conquered and held in subjection for a time by the Cymry, but afterwards, with the assistance of the Scotti, an Irish tribe, rising successfully against their masters, and carrying havoc and desolation over the Welsh and Lloegrian territory. It was an uprising of race against race, with all the fury that usually attends an insurrection of slaves against their oppressors. Gildas describes the fearful ravages of the invading Scots and Picts in the strongest colours. The misery which they caused suggested an appeal for aid to the Teutonic races in the neighbourhood of the Elbe, some of whose fellow-countrymen appear to have settled long before in the eastern counties. They coalesced, however, shortly with the Anglo-Saxons, as the Welsh Triads and the poem of Gododin distinctly aver, and assisted in the final subjugation of the land by the invading race. This is explained by the testimony of philology, which shows that England was inhabited by various Keltic races, one of which had for a time been conquered and enslaved, or held as a foe, by the rest. We can hence understand more distinctly the circumstances under which that long struggle was begun and carried on. The obscurity which rests over the history of the Anglo-Saxon rule in East Anglia is somewhat removed; we understand, at least, why the Anglo-Saxon chronicles should give so little information about this part, as they are chiefly devoted to the wars waged against the other races. We can explain, too, the circumstance, mentioned by Lappenberg and other writers with surprise, that there were no slaves in the eastern counties in Anglo-Saxon times, and that the number of slaves in proportion to the population increased towards the west, until it reached its highest point on the borders of Wales (Lappenberg ii., 321). The eastern tribes coalesced with the Anglo-Saxons; the Lloegrians succumbed to the united force of both; but the last stronghold of the Cymraic race in England—Cumberland—was not finally conquered till the beginning of the tenth century.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, JULY 6th.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, at 2.—Albemarle Street. General Monthly Meeting.

ASIATIC SOCIETY, at 3.—5, New Burlington Street.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, at 7.—12, Bedford Row.

TUESDAY, JULY 7th.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY, at 7.30.—4, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square. "Cases of Microcephaly;" Professor John Marshall, F.R.S. "Recent Evidences of Extreme Antiquity of the Human Race;" C. Carter Blake, Esq., F.G.S., Hon. Sec. A.S.L.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th.

LITERARY FUND, at 3.—4, Adelphi Terrace, Adelphi.

ART.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

EVEN after the most careful consideration of the large collection submitted for exhibition in the Royal Academy, we could scarcely bring our criticism to a close without some reference to meritorious works which may have been overlooked in previous articles; and to some of these it is our present duty to direct attention.

In the East Room there is an admirable little picture of "The Laboratory of a Flemish Chemist" (8) by W. Linnig. Like most of the pictures of our continental contemporaries, the plan and execution are in perfect harmony; what has been well imagined is as well executed. The chemist is seated at his work, in a room that is well drawn in true perspective—that is to say, the horizontal line is exactly where it should be, which it is not in eight pictures out of ten. Notice the effect of this upon the floor, which is wonderfully flat, although intersected by the lines of an inlaid marble pavement. We doubt much whether another such true piece of perspective can be found in the Gallery. It is well assisted by the light and shade, so that the effect of space is given in the most truthful and natural way. This picture hangs near the floor; and near the ceiling, above it, is the work of another foreigner, Mr. Bottomley, well-known as an animal-painter of great ability, representing "A Hart taking the Water" (1). It is a life-sized and spirited study of the head and neck of the animal—the horns being especially well-drawn. Another picture by the same artist, called "Four Miles from London" (610), represents a brewer's dray, drawn by three horses, advancing towards the spectator. Mr. Bottomley should study perspective under his countryman; for, in this picture, we have as striking an example of the violation of its rules as we have of strict obedience to them in the picture of the Chemist. The consequence is, that, in spite of the good painting of the horses, the whole thing seems out of gear; the dray is absurdly small, and the leading horse looks as though he were attached to a toy. A little picture of two Spanish girls, "A Morning in Spain" (47), is well worth notice. The painter, Mr. D. W. Deane, has apparently looked at Philip with judicious reserve; for, although his manner of painting is of the same vigorous character, he is in no sense an imitator of the stronger and better known master. A little landscape (74), hung low, will repay the attention of all who love a Highland glen, with its burn, now dark and deep, and anon tumbling in cascades over the rocks. Mr. Adam could hardly have found a pleasanter place than he has chosen as the subject of his little picture. Mr. G. B. O'Neill's pictures are of unequal merit. "Public Opinion" (357) is a representation of a crowd at the Exhibition, and is somewhat vulgar, and not at all amusing. "Aunt Deborah's Pocket" (121), on the contrary, is interesting and decidedly amusing. The three children, who have got possession of that capacious side-pocket, and are engaged in rifling its contents, are delightfully unsuspecting of the approach of Aunt Deborah, who is seen slowly advancing up the corridor. The composition and management of the picture are very creditable, and the result of considerable experience. A very good landscape will be found in the Middle Room, called "A Pastoral" (401), by Mr. W. Field. The modesty of its treatment should not cause it to be overlooked, as it is an unusually true transcript of English landscape. Mr. Devor has two pictures, hanging together—one, a study of a girl reading, called "Very Interesting" (300), and the other, which is in every respect a far better work, called "The Watch is Over" (301). It represents an old man who has just left the bed-side whence a spirit has but now departed. He stands by the window and looks forth upon the dawn that has no longer any hope for him. The room and accessories are well-imaged, though the incident of the expiring candle might have been spared; but it is in the

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drawing and expression of the old man that the merit of the picture consists. There is true pathos in the treatment, unclouded by any exaggeration; and the unobtrusiveness of the old man's grief comes home to us and elicits our truest sympathy.

Mr. Pott's subject from the back scenes of the stage, "Puss in Boots" (434), may be founded on observation. Probably it is; for there is something sad and always touching in sacrificing the innocence of young children on the altar of theatrical necessity. Mother and child, in the picture, are alike too good for their business; and the kiss of the father may arise from the prompting of his heart to tear off the cat-skin and boots from the child, if the necessity for the ugly disguise could be avoided. The picture is a very clever one, and the subject has not been vulgarized as it infallibly would have been in the hands of any but a reflecting man.

Mr. Payton is the best of all the English imitators of Meissonier. As with allimitators, of course, his work falls very short of his exemplar; but, in point of execution, it has great merit—failing, as might be expected, in the qualities that always distinguish original work. Of his two pictures, perhaps "The Picture-Dealer" (521) is the best.

Mr. Arthur Hughes always gives genuine pleasure, because his work is the result of a true, sympathizing, and loving nature. "Home from Sea" (530) is an old subject, with the addition of another figure. The sailor-boy, who has thrown himself on his mother's grave, is now watched by a sister, slightly elder than he. The addition of this figure has greatly improved the composition of the picture, though we doubt whether it has heightened its sentiment. The girl's face is very beautiful in expression; and we venture to differ from the painter's second thought, with a strong suspicion that perhaps he is right, and that the presence of this good sister to fall back upon in after trials is more suggestive of hopefulness and strength.

Mr. Duffield's large picture of "A Dead Swan, Black Game, &c." (558), occupies a conspicuous position; and, although the subject is not interesting, it is one of the cleverest works in the Gallery. It is surprisingly effective, from the roundness and fulness of the masses; and it is painted with the honest, straightforward confidence which familiarity with the subjects represented always inspires. It is always gratifying to look at such able work as this, in any department of art; and we congratulate Mr. Duffield on the great success he has achieved in the picture before us.

Mr. Dyckman has treated an old genre subject in a cleverly-painted picture, "L'occasion fait l'arron" (609). An old lady has fallen asleep before the fire after her meal, which seems to have been a tolerably substantial one, while a favourite cat has mounted on the table and is engaged on the remains of a pasty, much to the disgust of a little dog who, less bold, hesitates to join her. There is nothing in the picture to recommend it particularly, except its honest, careful work; it is always interesting, too, to see a fair example of a foreign school in juxtaposition with our own. Mr. R. S. Stanhope has painted a picture of "Juliet and the Nurse" (624), which, in the position assigned to it under the ceiling, looks like mediæval German work, and certainly possesses considerable merit. It shows, however, exactly that kind of weakness which results from a combination of true artistic feeling and imperfect technical skill; hence it will only satisfy those minds—and they are very few indeed—who can separate the defects of the workman from the intention of the artist. These alone will allow any credit to such a work as this.

Mr. Wolf's name will probably be remembered, and his works highly prized, when those of most living painters have been long forgotten. No painter, past or present, has so carefully studied the habits and instincts, the movements and tempers of animals. His familiar knowledge of beasts and birds is not confined to special classes, but appears to be universal. A collection of his numerous book-illustrations would include drawings of almost every known quadruped and bird; and these not mere lifeless studies, but showing them to us in their most usual pursuits. He does not paint many pictures; and the chief merit of these is still the fine acquaintance with his subject displayed in them. He has two works in the present Exhibition, "Wapiti Deer in Powerscourt Park" (631) and "A Row in a Jungle" (769). The latter is a water-colour drawing, and represents a number of monkeys driving out a tiger who has prowled into their precincts. Nothing can be more happy than the skill with which Mr. Wolf has drawn the chattering, scrambling little animals that are bearding the fierce beast, whose eyes are glaring from amongst the thick,

tangled underwood. In another moment he will be out upon us, and then dearly should we envy those monkeys the use of their limbs and their nimbleness. The effect of this drawing might have been heightened by a gleam of bright colour on the skin of the tiger; but nothing is wanting in the drawing or expression.

Mr. H. Lehmann, besides his portraits, of which we have already spoken, has a small and beautifully finished picture, "Omnia vincit Amor" (699). It is an elaborately completed design for a ceiling, with medallions, &c., and, in its way, is one of the best works in the Gallery.

The Miniature Room is now devoted to a very few miniatures, to water-colour drawings, chalk drawings, and architecture. Miniature-painting, at present under a cloud, will, we firmly believe, reappear in a better and stronger shape from its temporary eclipse by photography. It is not our business now to discuss this question, but to point out that there is only one first-rate miniature on the walls—and that is the head of a little child by Mr. Wells (869). Miss A. Dixon has some prettily finished heads of children; but the general display causes us to mourn for the days of Thorburn and Ross. The chalk drawings show an average degree of merit. Mr. Tucker exhibits some very well drawn studies, especially a small head of "Master H." (754) and a "Portrait of a Lady" (778). These studies are made in black and red chalk, and remind one of the careful work of Mulready. Mr. Laurence's drawings of the Lord Chief Baron and Lady Pollock have great merit—the artist striving faithfully to seize the character of his model at the expense of all that factitious beauty which is so generally accepted as the test of a portrait-painter's skill. Mr. C. Martin has some charming studies of women; and Mr. F. Talfourd, who is better known this year as the painter of the clever study called "Margherita" (95), has a portrait of "Miss Collins" (732), which is quite worthy of his reputation.

Besides Mr. Wolf's drawing of the monkeys, we find in the same room a very promising work by Mr. L. Duncan, called the "Young Shipwright" (786). The heads of the old sailor and the lad who is watching him; as he criticizes the shape of the model hull, are quite true in expression. There are also some good studies of landscape by Mr. Mawley, and a drawing by Mr. Tucker, "Waiting for the Tide" (795), evidently painted on the spot from nature.

Among the architectural drawings are plans and elevations of the most remarkable works either in progress or proposed for execution in this wonderful modern Babel. Thames embankments, Exhibition-building restorations, new churches, hotels, and club-houses divide the space awarded for the exhibition of architectural designs between them. This display has now become secondary to the annual architectural exhibition in Conduit Street, which has been already noticed in this journal.

Little also need be said of the sculpture. There is a great deal of indifferent, and much very bad work. Our principal sculptors do not exhibit; or, if they do, they refrain from sending their best works. Perhaps the French plan of exhibiting a statue in one of the courts of the Louvre, as Foley's Lord Hardinge was set up in the quadrangle of Burlington House, is the most proper way of exposing large works. Monumental figures in the same manner might be exposed in churches, without any sacrilege from those who might be disposed to inspect them. For smaller works, the light in the Gallery provided by the Royal Academy is not sufficiently tempting to induce our best sculptors to risk the removal of their works from their own studios. Mr. Weekes's statue of the late Professor Green is a fine work of art. His group of "Miss Hartree and her dog" (1040) is also well composed and beautifully modelled. Marochetti has only one bust, of no pretensions. Mr. Westmacott and Miss Durant have each a statue for the Mansion House. Mr. Matthew Wood exhibits a colossal and very indifferent bust of the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Thorneycroft represents royalty in two busts of the Princess of Wales and the Princess Alice. Mr. E. B. Stephens has a good marble statue of Alfred the Great for the Mansion House, and a model for a statue of the late Lord Fortescue. Mr. Woolner has executed a posthumous bust, the most difficult of all performances in sculpture, of the late Archdeacon Hare, which is said to be a very successful portrait. Mr. Munro has a spirited group of "Young Romilly" with his deer-hound, and an admirable bust of General Shireff. The best designed group in the room is by Mr. Leifchild of the mother of Moses; and the most

worthy design for a single figure, called "Go, and sin no more" (1141), we must attribute to the same hand. There is a certain heaviness in the execution of these models which detracts from their excellence, but should not blind us to the high tone and feeling which distinguish them from most of the work by which they are surrounded.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S WORKS.

WHAT a wonderful man is George Cruikshank! And now he gives us the opportunity to see him as he is, and to know him as he was. In a quiet little room in Exeter Hall is the Cruikshank Gallery. The earliest sketch is one bearing the date of 1799, when the precocious boy-artist was about eight or nine years old; and the latest, his great work, measuring 13 feet 4 inches by 7 feet 8 inches, "The Worship of Bacchus"—upon the painting of which the veteran has spent a year and a half of recent life—a pictorial sermon against the use of "the Bottle," in which, as in glass, he holds up to view the rise and progress, the danger and folly of drinking anything stronger than the pure produce of the spring as it comes forth bubbling through the earth for man's refreshment, or is presented to him in the more luscious form of full-ripe fruit. "Drink not!" is his text; and he sends it home as few preachers can hope to do—to parson and people, to the bench and the bar, to rich and poor, to "genteel" folk and vulgar ones, to fighting-men and stay-at-home laggards, to the lounger at the clubs, the man about town, the drunken mechanic, and the maudlin old washerwoman. That picture is, as a work of art, so thoroughly original, so unlike all that ever preceded it, such a study of life as it is in the mind's eye of the great tee-total apostle, that, though group upon group fills the canvas, and the subject is drunkenness in its most humiliating forms, yet, truthful as the pictures are, unlike Hogarth, Gilray, Bunbury, and Woodward, George Cruikshank eschews all unscrupulous freedom, and never offends the modesty of the beholder by what, in the works of the comic painters just named, is known as broad "humour," though indelicacy would be the more appropriate term.

Besides this great picture—which was sent to Windsor, by command, for her Majesty's inspection, and is now restored to its former abiding-place—there are upwards of one thousand original sketches, drawings, proof-etchings, oil-paintings, &c., from the hand of the indefatigable master; and the intelligent guardian of these art-treasures walks round the room with the visitors, a living commentary upon things past and present; for George Cruikshank's etchings are the pictorial record of our manners and customs, fashions and changes, of nearly three quarters of a century, some fifty years of which they illustrate to the full. The earlier sketches may have taken their inspiration from Gilray and Bunbury, borrowing a grace, it may be, from Rowlandson; but soon these trammels fell away, and, if we mistake not, constant, careful study of the smaller masters of the German school of the sixteenth century, and of the mass of wood-cut book-illustrations which they produced, cleansed of all their impurities by a modest, thoughtful mind, gave that solid bent to his after-pursuits which placed Cruikshank at the head of our comic school of art for more than thirty years, till the Doyles, father and son, Leech and Tenniel, and others came forth to dispute the palm with him.

During that period he produced his admirable "Points of Humour," his "Comic Almanacks," the "Omnibus," "Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man," illustrations to Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," to Ainsworth's "Tower of London," "Guy Fawkes," and "Jack Sheppard," and to Dickens's "Oliver Twist," his own "Punch and Judy," and a host of other book-illustrations, which will live as long as the books they were made to adorn. High life and middle-class life he left wisely to the Doyles, to Tenniel, and to Leech; but who can approach him in the delineation of the Dodgers, the Fagins, the Gentlemen of the Road, the rollicking, reckless, paid-off Jack Tars, and the Pucks, Brownies, Kobolds, and all the devilries which the brothers Grimm delight to dwell upon, and the giants, dwarfs, and goblins they carefully conjure up?

'Tis a pleasant lounge into that little quiet room at Exeter Hall; and to many of us it recalls happy memories of the past, as we walk from one wall to another, and recognise the old familiar faces of impersonations so perfect that they have no need to have the fire stolen from Olympus to give them life and being.

THE READER.

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ART NOTES.

ON Wednesday, the 24th ult., Messrs. Foster of Pall Mall sold by auction at their gallery the very select and choice collection of "Modern English Pictures" belonging to the late Mr. Pemberton of Beechmount, Liverpool. Lot 47—John Constable, R.A.—Grand landscape, with river and boats, "View near Dedham," 72in. by 51in., sold for 165 guineas; lot 69—By the same master—"The Leaping Horse," a grand landscape, with sailing barge on the river, near Dedham, towing horse leaping the bar on a wooden bridge over a weir, Dedham church in the distance, 72in. by 54in., for 365 guineas; lot 70—T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.—"A Summer's Day," a group of four cows, three sheep, and a calf reposing, beyond on the left farm buildings, an open pasture country, with figures on the right, 57in. by 43in., for 380 guineas; lot 62—J. R. Herbert, R.A.—"Captive Greeks," from Mee's sale, 81in. by 53in., for 222 guineas; two magnificent pictures by the elder Linnell, in the best style of the master, lot 64—Large landscape, "Evening," a view in Kent, with a flock of sheep on the rise of a hill, 55in. by 40in., for 420 guineas. The day's sale brought £5107.

THE late Mr. Edward Rose Tunno's very choice collection of pictures of the Modern English School—removed from Warnford Park, near Bishop's Waltham, and from Llangennick Park, Carmarthenshire, as well as from his town residence in Upper Brook Street—was dispersed by auction by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods on Saturday last. In the day's sale were also included several of Sir Joshua Reynolds's finest works; and the 137 lots of which the catalogue consisted realized £15,588. 10s. Mr. Tunno was a great patron of art; and several of the finest pictures in the sale were painted expressly for him. Amongst these latter, lot 132—G. S. Newton, R.A.—"Pourceaugnac and the Doctors," signed and dated 1824, sold for 910 guineas; lot 133—W. Collins, R.A.—"Boulogne Fishwomen," a splendid work, signed and dated 1830, for 370 guineas; lot 134—Sir Augustus W. Callcott, R.A.—A grand classical river scene, with architecture and figures, one of the finest works of this great master, for 510 guineas; lot 135—Sir David Wilkie, R.A.—"Mary Queen of Scots leaving Lochleven Castle," a favourite work of the great master, signed and dated 1837, for 760 guineas; and lot 137—W. Mulready, R.A.—"The First Voyage," a charming picture, a young child perched upon a tub, drawn down a stream by its elder brothers; the first offer, spontaneously made, was 500 guineas, and it was ultimately knocked down at 1450 guineas.

Lot 136—Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—"Canine Attachment." In the spring of 1803, a young person of talent, and most amiable disposition, perished by falling from a precipice of the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by his faithful terrier bitch.

How long didst thou think that this silence was slumber?

How many long days and long nights didst thou number
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

Sir Walter Scott.

This fine work is dated 1829, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy the following year, when it was purchased by the late Mr. Tunno. It now sold for 1010 guineas.

In addition to pictures by T. Creswick, John Faed, W. P. Frith, Holman Hunt, and F. Leighton, &c., there was a series of thirty beautiful pictures, embracing sixteen original compositions, views of Hampton Court, with interesting historical subjects introduced, and sixteen exquisite copies from celebrated pictures, including the beauties of the Court of Charles II., after Sir P. Lely, Nelly O'Brien and Mrs. Hunter, after Sir J. Reynolds, the Blue Boy, after Gainsborough, and portraits after Vandek, Rubens, Titian, Murillo, &c., painted on the eight panels of a four-leaved screen, in frame of oak. This sold for 335 guineas.

Lot 116—Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.—Portraits of Mrs. Hartley and Child, as a Bacchante, carrying an infant Bacchanal on her shoulders. This *chef-d'œuvre* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1773 with the "Strawberry Girl" by the same artist, where they were bought by the Earl of Carysfort. It has been engraved several times, and was exhibited last year at the International Exhibition, and also at the British Institution. In Cotton's account of the Reynolds family he says:—"The portrait of Mrs. Hartley is one of the most beautiful Sir Joshua ever painted. It is remarkable for its richness of colour, its depth and clearness of tone, and exquisite

beauty of the female countenance. None of the engravings do it justice. The face is far more lovely in the original. It is, moreover, in excellent condition; the colouring appears as perfect as when it was painted, which unfortunately can be said of so few of Reynolds's works. The breadth of light and shade in this picture is a near approach to Rembrandt; and we know how much Reynolds admired the wonderful chiaro-oscuro of that great master." The first offer was 1000 guineas; and, after a most animated competition, it was knocked down at 1850 guineas. Lot 117—By the same—Portrait of Mrs. Lyne, a member of the Seaforth family, in a black silk dress, with hat and feather, nursing a child in a white muslin frock; rich landscape background. This splendid work is engraved in mezzotint by J. Grozer; 450 guineas.

MUSIC.

"FAUST" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

AN Opera, not only so large in scale but so characteristic in style as M. Gounod's masterpiece, might be made the subject of many pages of analysis. But a piece which the whole world is going to see does not need much discoursing on. The few who will not see and listen to the *Margaret* of Mdlle. Titien or of Madame Carvalho will not be edified by hearing of her in any other way. It is only, therefore, in order to touch one or two incidental points in connexion with the piece, as well as to say a word of honest praise of the excellent manner in which it has been introduced to England, that we recur to the subject here. A run of ten consecutive nights is a thing probably unknown in the English annals of opera. The phenomenon is not altogether agreeable, for it indicates an approach, slight but unmistakable, towards the dismal state of things which holds in the theatrical world, where the lovers of the drama are starved upon some half-dozen pieces per annum, while the appetite of the great outside public for the "sensation" of the hour is being fed by "runs" of some hundreds of nights. A star opera may thus, in the future, be a blow to the season of the devoted *habitué*. At present, however, it would be hard to expect a manager to give up one of his best chances of remuneration by checking the rush of an eager public to see the last novelty.

Every fresh hearing of "Faust" confirms the impression that its popularity will last. Sudden successes, followed by complete oblivion, are, indeed, common enough. That "Faust" will not have this fate is pretty certain, because it pleases both the many and the few, and has pleased them the more, as yet, the oftener it has been heard. The love scene in the third act is perhaps the longest of its kind ever written—it is a little drama in itself. But, so far from its becoming wearisome by length and repetition, it is found to seize and hold more and more the interest of the audience. And so of other parts of the play. M. Gounod's music is for the most part ethereal and delicate, as well as gorgeous; let it be confessed, however, that it is occasionally vulgar in tone. Two or three instances of this are the chief positive blemishes in the composition. M. Gounod has not been able to withstand the temptation to overdo the use of brass, in the attempt to be impressive. Here and there he makes far too free with his trombones. The military scene is disagreeably noisy. The soldiers' chorus is mostly in unisons; and unisons, unless most sparingly used, are apt to become monotonous. There is in this a touch of the vulgarity of Signor Verdi. Vulgarity again is the name we must give to the waltz-air of *Margaret* in the third act. The taste of this is very French. The song is entirely misfitted to the character. The reply to the forward cavalier, which M. Gounod has set to such charming music—

No, signor, io non sono damigella nè bella,
E bisogno non ho del braccio d'un signor—

could not have come from the same lips which would indulge in such an explosive piece of coquetry as this *bravura* song.

Plagiarism is another charge which one hears whispered against M. Gounod; but surely without sufficient reason. In no art has the influence of school and period on the work of individuals been more conspicuous than in music. This influence has been evident in the case of the greatest men. To say that M. Gounod is in places a copy of M. Meyerbeer is as true as to say that for thirty years of his life Beethoven copied Mozart. No man treating the garden scene of "Faust" could well have forgotten the immense duet in the

"Huguenots." That passage in the rapturous dream of the two lovers—

Ah dillo ancor tu m'amie—

must have been present to M. Gounod's mind when he wrote the "Notte d'amor" of "Faust." The key is nearly the same, and the orchestration is of similar character, but the allusion is only a passing one; the whole scene shows resources of melody not inferior to those of M. Meyerbeer. But, plagiarism apart, a similarity between the mode of workmanship of M. Gounod and M. Meyerbeer is frequently discernible. Both are products of the development of the school of the French Grand Opera. A particular modulation, for instance, which is a great favourite with M. Meyerbeer,* is not unfrequently found in "Faust," and generally the tone of the instrumentation is more kindred to that of Meyerbeer than that of any other composer. The prominence everywhere given to the orchestra is one point of resemblance—a prominence so great that a piano-forte score in most places can give only a feeble representation of the effect. These two points—an occasional Verdi-like coarseness in the treatment of an *ensemble* and resemblance to M. Meyerbeer in the mode of using his band—are two features which every hearer of "Faust" must be struck with, and which are clearly describable in words. Style, on the other hand—the subtle mixture of qualities which constitute the individuality of the writer—is just the thing which is indescribable. If one arranged composers in a scale according to the relative importance of the dramatic and the purely musical elements in their works—a scale in which Rossini would be at one end and Wagner at the other, Mozart coming somewhere in the middle—Gounod would stand next to Meyerbeer upon the Mozart side. In default of hearing his operas, an indication of this kind is perhaps the best guide to a conception of their style.

In Goethe's play *Faust* is the central figure; in the opera, where the love story is dominant, the first place is filled by *Margaret*. Mdlle. Titien is a splendid representative of the part. Characters of the heroic type suit her commanding *physique* better than such impersonations as that of a timid peasant-girl; but her dramatic instinct enables her to delineate every phase of the character with equal truth. In the earlier scenes of the story she is full of gentle grace and winsome timidity; in its later stages of trouble and passion she brings out the full force and depth of the character. Her singing is, as usual, not remarkable for vocal finish, but impressive from the wealth of tone thrown out by her magnificent voice. The closing prison-scene is, so far as it depends upon her, a climax of power. The invocation, "Oh del ciel angeli immortal!" is a splendid burst of vocal force. The melody is given three times in upward progression of different keys, and each time sounds brighter and more exulting than before. Mdlle. Titien looks and acts here like one inspired. If her companions had her genius, such a tableau, illustrated by music so noble, would be nothing less than sublime. Unfortunately, there is not much of the celestial about Signor Giuglini. While giving him a delicious voice, nature has denied this gentleman the smallest spark of the dramatic faculty. There are, indeed, great tenors who have done without this gift by the mere force of endowments of another kind; but Signor Giuglini is not of the number. Also, the *Mephistopheles* in the final scene contrives to tumble on the stage, struck, as the play-book states, by the fiery sword of the Archangel, in a manner scarcely consistent with the dignity of even the meanest fiend. The consequence is, that what might be an impressive *finale* verges dangerously close upon the comical. Such as think exquisite singing atonement for any deficiencies in other points will find plenty to enjoy in Signor Giuglini's rendering of *Faust*. Vocalization more refined than his, in its own style—a style well answering to the phrase "linked sweetness long drawn out"—could scarcely be conceived. The calm melody "Salve dimora casta e pura" flows from his lips in strains of the most honied softness, finishing with a *decrescendo* cadence of unsurpassable delicacy. This will no doubt be the pet song of the opera. It is already making its way into drawing-rooms. In the duet, again, and in the double duet of the garden scene, Signor Giuglini's tones contribute their full share to the beauty of the whole result. The music here is, indeed, enchanting. The rolling chords of the harp accompaniment (an effect of which M. Gounod is fond) invest the scene with a sort of floating languor which

* Namely, from the Tonic to the key of the mediant (C to E), &c. There are at least half-a-dozen instances of this in the "Prophète."

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makes it seem, just as the young lovers are supposed to find it, an intoxicating dream. To play the part of *Mephistopheles* with dignity, is, as has been hinted, not an easy task. Signor Gassier, however, makes a very effective Devil. He is excellent in the scene with the students, cowering miserably before the crossed daggers. The *Valentin* of Mr. Santley is most satisfactory. His great effort and great success is in the death scene following the duel. The part he plays here is anything but a grateful one; but his utterance of the anathemas on his unfortunate sister is as impressive as such a piece of melodramatic exaggeration can well be made. The little part of *Siebel*, *Margaret's* lover, introduced apparently by the French playwrights merely to fill up the canvas, gives Mdlle. Trebelli the opportunity of singing a charming little canzonnet, "Parlatele d'amor," which would become a favourite in or out of any opera. The band and chorus are duly on a match with this excellent cast. The chorus might, indeed, sing a little more delicately, but is otherwise quite satisfactory. The orchestra could scarcely play with more refinement. The manner in which the "Kermesse" is carried through, with its intricate choral movements and bustling action, is a real triumph for the management.

R. B. L.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"FAUST E MARGHERITA," after being deferred from Tuesday, was at length produced at Covent Garden on Thursday evening. A detailed notice must be deferred till next week. Mdlle. Patti has added another character, "Marts," to her list of successes. She played it on Tuesday for the second time—Signor Graziani, Signor Mario, and Madame Didié taking their usual parts. With such a cast, of course, the opera was brilliantly done. It is the fashion to sneer at Herr Flotow's music as a poor imitation of Auber's, and altogether beneath the serious notice of musicians. The Covent Garden audience, however, relish the piece, as well they may, for it is entirely without pretence, full of lively, piquant music, and is never for a moment dull. Such bits of concerted writing as the "Mezza notte" and "Spinning-wheel" quartets may fairly match with Auber's best work. That so much is made of "The Last Rose of Summer" only proves what a perennial charm resides in a single sweet tune. It is most unfair to represent the opera as nothing but a setting of this ballad.

WAGNER'S Music was the subject of an interesting letter in THE READER of last week from Mr. W. Taylor. Space will not admit of the present discussion of the topic, but we hope to find an opportunity for taking it up before long.

THE Monday Popular Concerts are to finish for the season next Monday with a Director's Benefit. Among other noticeable attractions, there is to be a duet between Madame Goddard and Mr. Hallé. But the mere occasion should of itself, if there is any gratitude among mankind, fill the hall to overflowing.

THE Mandoline is an instrument which one would scarcely expect to hear in a London concert-room. Its tinkle is a familiar sound in the cafés of Italian towns, and is a pleasant accompaniment to the sipping of lemonade and ices under the sky of a southern night. The instrument is a sort of dwarf guitar with a bulbous back, in shape rather like half of a big melon fitted with a tail; and its tone is the tiniest of tinkles. With this little machine, one Signor Vailati, a blind performer (whose talent, rumour says, was discovered by the Princess Mathilde, during a stay on the Lago Como), has been essaying to entertain London audiences at Willis's Rooms. He plays elaborate *fantasias*, which are rather curious than impressive to hear. The sustained notes are rendered by a reiteration of the tinkle in the manner of a harp-player's shake. The general effect is, therefore, that of an incessant *tremolo*, pretty but monotonous.

HERR JOACHIM and Fraulein Weiss were married on the 12th instant at Hanover in the presence of the King, Queen, and Court.

THE Gresham Professorship election is progressing. Certain candidates have been chosen by the committee to read a "probationary" lecture. These gentlemen are Mr. Hullah, Dr. Rimbaud, Professor Clare, Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. Benson, and Dr. Wyld. There are some here whom it would be simply absurd to place in the vacated chair. But, indeed, what can be more preposterous than the method of election?

MR. SIMS REEVES has, it is said, been engaged to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre as *Sir Huon* in "Oberon." He will make his first appearance as *Edgardo* in "Lucie."

AMONG the deaths of the past week is that of Mr. Frederick Beale, of the firm of Cramer, Beale, and Wood, Regent Street.

MUSIC FOR NEXT WEEK.

JULY 6th to 11th.

MONDAY.—Popular Concert (Last of the Season and Director's Benefit), St. James's Hall, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY.—Last Musical Union Matinee, St. James's Hall, 8.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY.—Handel's "L'Allegro and Penseroso" (Mme. Goldschmidt's Performance), St. James's Hall, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY.—Wandering Minstrels' Concert (for Benefit of Home for Incurables), Hanover Square Rooms, 8.30 p.m.

SATURDAY.—Crystal Palace Concert, 8 p.m.

OPERAS:

COVENT GARDEN.—To-night, and Monday, "Faust e Margherita."

HER MAJESTY'S.—To-night, Norma. Monday, Parts of "La Figlia" and other operas (Mr. Nugent's Benefit).

THE DRAMA.

MADAME RISTORI AND MADEMOISELLE STELLA COLAS.

UNCOMFORTABLE facts have a chronic tendency to force themselves upon our attention. The condition of the English stage is one of those uncomfortable facts; it challenges notice at intervals, and will not be overlooked. At the present moment the aspect of our National Theatre is peculiarly unsatisfactory. Indeed, we seem just now not to have any theatre at all worthy of being called National. To us it appears manifest that the primary cause of this effect is the want of English actors of very eminent ability. Admirable actors and actresses we have; but, in the highest walks, not one actor or actress to whose powers we can give the name of genius. It is beside our present purpose to inquire into the cause of this present dearth of great actors on our stage; we only refer to the fact, from its having been somewhat violently forced upon our attention of late.

For years we have been told that the dearth is imaginary, that there are any number of fine actors in the country theatres eating their hearts in the discontent of mere provincial celebrity, the London theatres being closed against them; and we have tried hard to believe this, hoping even against hope. The coming man has been eagerly looked for, heralded, and expected; but he has not come; and our national stage is at present vacant. Our national drama, of which we are so justly proud, is unrepresented by its natural interpreters. It is a disagreeable admission that we are at present absolutely dependent upon foreign actors for a grand presentment of some of Shakespeare's noblest characters. The performance which took place at Drury Lane Theatre on Wednesday evening, for the purpose of raising funds to erect a statue in honour of Shakespeare, painfully illustrated the poverty of our stage in high-class actors. We are aware that some three or four of the leading Shakespearian actors took no part in the demonstration; but the addition of their names to the list would only have served to make its feebleness, as a whole, the more apparent. Such a condition of the stage would be painful at any time, but it becomes doubly so when great successes are being won by foreign actors on our national stage.

The latest of these successes have been won by Madame Ristori as *Lady Macbeth*, and by Mademoiselle Stella Colas as *Juliet*—the crowning merit of the latter actress's performance being that it was in Shakespeare's own language. So great, indeed, has been the effect produced by the young French lady's performance, that there is no small danger of her being overrated. It is admitted that there is no character in Shakespeare's plays which makes such great and difficult demands upon the actress who would embody it as *Juliet*. Youth, beauty, the tenderest sympathies, the most boundless passion and *abandon*, accompanied with tragic vehemence and dignity—a nature, in fact, of the most exquisite organization: all these are requisite in the actress before she can hope to present the *Juliet* of Shakespeare with anything like perfection. The result of Mademoiselle Stella Colas's first performance was a conviction that she brought all the requisite qualifications for the task. Her personal appearance strongly predisposed the audience in her favour. A fair girl—a *blonde dorée*, as the French say—slender and graceful, with soft blue eyes, and features full of mobility and expression, seemed the very beau ideal of *Juliet*. But there was a terrible doubt as to the accent with which the English of Shakespeare was to be delivered by her lips. As the moment drew near when the first words were to fall from them there was an involuntary hush, followed by a movement, and something very nearly akin to a sigh of

disappointment, when it was heard that the French accent of Mademoiselle Stella Colas was infinitely more marked than that of Monsieur Fechter. For a few minutes the unfamiliar sound grated intolerably on the ear; but gradually the disagreeable effect grew less and less, until—in all probability by the end of the third act—there were very few amongst the audience who noticed the foreign accent in an objecting manner. So real, so full of the entrance of young love was the balcony scene, that such defects were forgotten in admiration. As the tragic interest of the play deepened, it became manifest that, in the performance of this young French actress, the audience were witnessing a work of real genius. Her passionate declaration to *Friar Laurence* of all that she would rather endure than submit to the proposed union with *Paris*, followed by the gloomy abstraction out of which she wakes to accept with an almost frantic joy the plan of simulated death proposed to her by the *Friar*, raised the admiration of the audience to enthusiasm. But even this effect was far surpassed in the grand soliloquy, in which, after being left alone in her chamber, doubts cross her mind as to what may possibly happen should the *Friar's* draught fail to produce its promised effect. Throughout this, by far the most trying scene in the whole play, Mademoiselle Stella Colas played with a power truly sublime; and the opinion of the audience was clearly determined that she is a great and accomplished actress, whose faults and defects are too trivial to be deducted from the sum of her extraordinary excellence.

A word of commendation is due to Mr. George Vining for the way in which the play was cast and mounted. His *Mercutio* is by no means one of his least successful assumptions, and is plainly relished by his audience. Mr. H. Marston's *Friar Laurence* was played with great feeling, and a masterly delivery of Shakespeare's verse. The *Apothecary* of Mr. George Belmore is a perfectly-rendered bit of character. Mr. Walter Montgomery's *Romeo* disappoints us from not being better than his *Othello*. In the latter character we felt that he was over-weighted; and we trusted that, on his second appearance, we might be able to accord him higher praise than it was possible for us to give him on his *début*. His *Romeo*, however, is, at best, a conventional performance.

Madame Ristori, in her two most recent performances, *Lady Macbeth* and *Deborah*, has maintained her supremacy. Since Mrs. Siddons played *Lady Macbeth*, it is unquestionable that the character has never been so finely rendered as by Ristori. Taking into account the distressing incompetency of the actors with whom Ristori has to play, and, further, the vapid lines which she has to utter instead of Shakespeare's majestic speeches, the effect she produced on Monday night was astonishing. Throughout the performance not one passage was delivered with an intention of making a "point," and even her well-remembered "Give me the daggers," was made to hold its place merely as a passage in a scene, the effect of which was to be produced by the completed action. In this admirably artistic method we notice the ripening process, to which we have before alluded, as having wrought a remarkable change in Ristori's acting since she was last before us. In the German play of "Deborah," in which she appeared for the first time in England, she represents a character in which an English audience could be supposed to take but small interest—that of a Jewess subject to outrages put upon her by an ignorant Styrian peasantry on account of her creed. But, totally void of dramatic interest as the play is, and insufferably prolix, and not a little profane according to English views of religious matters, the genius of Ristori redeems it, and indeed makes us follow its development with a thoroughly enlisted attention. We repeat our earnest advice to all English actors to go and see this great Italian tragedienne.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.—The entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at the St. James's Hall on Friday evening (yesterday week), for the benefit of the "Shakespeare Fund," was in every way a great success. Mr. and Mrs. Kean read, or rather recited, a selection of scenes from "King John," Professor Aytoun's fine ballad of the "Death of Montrose," Lord Macaulay's spirit-stirring "Horatius Cocles," and Hood's touching and famous "Bridge of Sighs." The precise object for which the entertainment was given was to aid in raising a fund for the purchase of certain more or less Shakspearian properties in Stratford-on-Avon. The Drury Lane entertainment of Wednesday evening was given as an independent attempt to raise a statue to Shakespeare in the metropolis.

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